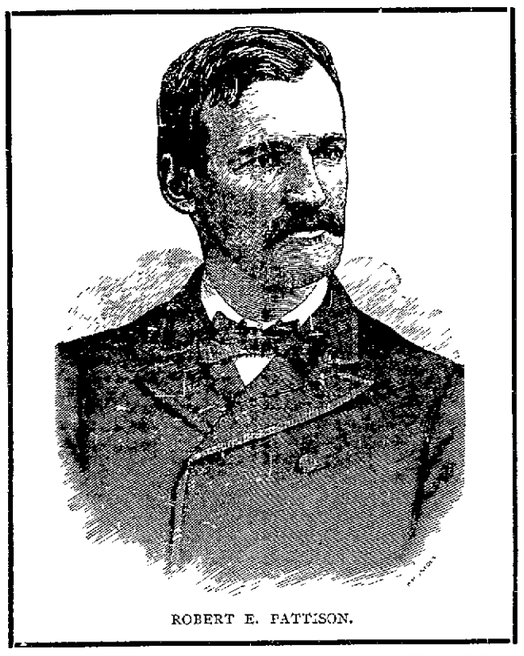
BEDFORD GAZETTE.

VOL. 97. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1902. ESTABLISHED IN 1805.

PATTISON, GUTHRIE AND NOLAN

The Unanimous Choice of the State Democracy.



ROBERT E. PATTISON.

For Governor—Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor—George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs—James Nolan, of Reading.

This is the ticket nominated by the Democrats of Pennsylvania at their convention in Erie on Wednesday.

In his report of the convention L. R. Goshorn, the Pittsburg *Post's* able correspondent, says: "Robert E. Pattison from the east; George Guthrie, from the west, and James Nolan, from the central, is the ticket the Democratic state convention gave the people of Pennsylvania in opposition to Quayism, bribery, corruption and machine politics, to-day.

"In a convention filled with spectacular situations and in the midst of a scene few men see in political conventions, Robert E. Pattison was nominated by his party for a third time, leaving the convention hall with the unanimous selection of his party, after having delivered a vigorous speech sparkling with epigrams that are at once the issues of a campaign upon which Mr. Pattison entered before the state convention had adjourned.

"There was not a break in the line of support built up by the people for Pattison. The almost unanimous opinion of the anti-machine voters that he was the strongest man to lead this fight against Quay and his machine went right through to the balloting, Pattison winning on the first ballot, the result of which showed he had 223½ votes, James Kerr 55½, George W. Guthrie 32, J. A. Woodward 4 votes.

"Such marks of confidence and respect are seldom shown men in political lives."

Bedford county's delegates voted for Pattison.

The platform adopted by the convention promises a clean administration; the banishment of the lobbyist, bribe giver and franchise robber, and assures the business interests of absolute exemption from "pinch legislation;" concedes to capital its right to the utmost protection guaranteed it by the constitution and the laws; declares that labor also has the right to that protection which comes through organization and union, and favor a uniform primary election law and personal registration in all the cities of the commonwealth, with free, equal and secret ballot.

Both candidates and platform appeal to all right-thinking people of all political parties. There is no good reason why any man who is in favor of honesty in public affairs should hesitate to vote for the upright and competent candidates of the Keystone state Democracy.

INTERESTING SERVICES.

Children's Day Observed by the Lutheran and Reformed Churches.

Children's Day was observed in Trinity Lutheran church, Bedford, Sunday morning. The church was beautifully decorated with daisies, roses, lilies and other flowers and ferns. A large audience was present. The programme, "God's Little Ones," with some additions and variations, was effectively rendered. It was one of the best services ever held in Bedford. The programme follows:

Hymn
Prayer.....Pastor
Responsive reading.....Pastor and School
Address of welcome.....Tom Arnold
"Welcome Song".....Chorus of Girls
Recitation—"The Children's Month," Carrie Milburn
Recitation—"The Sweetest Thing," Mina Deibaugh
Song—"Open the Door for the Children" School
Recitation.....Charles Allen
Recitation—"God is Love," Virginia Snell and Edna Mardorff
Exercise—"Way of the Daisies," Five Girls
Song.....Primary Department
Recitation—"The Thorn Tree". Alma May
Recitation—"A Child's Song," Edith Foster
Responsive reading Superintendent and School
Hymn—"God is Ever Good".....School
Recitation—Clark Milburn and John Cook
Recitation—"Lily of the Field" Nancy Allen
Exercise—"Message of the Flowers" Six Girls.
Duet—"Rose of Sharon" Ruth Allen and Georgia Beckley
Recitation—"Morning Glories" Donald Line
Recitation—"A Child's Story" Martha Cramer
Recitation—"What Little Things Did" Bertha Stiffler
Recitation—"The Drowning Singer" Maud Colvin
Hymn—"Around the Throne of God, School
Address.....Pastor
Offerings for orphans' home, $26.
Sextette chorus—"My Redeemer Lives" Male Voices
Farewell chorus.....Twenty-four Girls
Benediction.

At the evening service the pastor, Rev. M. L Culler, preached a helpful, forceful sermon on "Ropes," illustrating the power of habits.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN FRIEND'S COVE.

The Trinity Reformed church of Friend's Cove observed her Children's Day on Sunday last at 10 a. m. The day was all that could be expected as regards the weather. The air was cool enough to give all vigor and energy and the people made good use of the excellent day. Long before it was time for service the vehicles made their way to Trinity and by 10 o'clock no hitching place was easily found, benches had to be carried in, and all the chairs on the pulpit were used. It was pronounced by many the largest crowd ever seen at Trinity. The services were of a very high order. The children performed their parts so well that it proved a great credit to those who had charge of training them. The music by the choir was most splendid, showing the skill of the organist. The decorations were certainly the finest seen for a long time and were arranged most artistically. W P C.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Daily Happenings Gathered and Briefly Recorded.

Six men were killed by an explosion of powder at the Cambria Powder company's plant near Seward station on June 19.

The Chinese cruiser Kai-Chi was wrecked on Sunday by a terrific explosion while lying in the Yang Tse river and 150 officers and men on board were killed or drowned.

A heavy frost Saturday night injured vegetation in the higher altitudes of western Maryland, West Virginia and in some parts of Pennsylvania. At some places the temperature was 40 degrees.

Senator Penrose has introduced a bill to reimburse the state of Pennsylvania to the amount of $46,345 20 for militia called into service by the governor under the proclamation of the president of June 15, 1864.

By the explosion of a portable engine on a farm near Mt. Vernon, Ind., on Tuesday, Engineer Thomas Rowe was killed, while George W. Rowe, Harry Rowe, John W. Homas and Harry Rowe, Jr., were fatally injured.

At Richmond, Va., Mrs. Mattie Osbourne, who has been subject to nightmare and dreams, early Monday morning, thinking burglars were after her, got frightened and seizing her husband's revolver from under his pillow, shot herself in the head. She died almost instantly.

A telegram from Tacoma, Wash., says that standing timber to the amount of 550,000,000 feet has been burned in the districts along the line of the Northern Pacific. It comprised a splendid forest of fir, all readily accessible because it grew within a few miles of the railroad. The value of the timber destroyed is placed at $1,100,000.

Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner.

One of the notable changes made at the Springs hotel by Manager Bemis is the innovation in the order of meals. Instead of the custom in vogue at our famous resort for a century, of breakfast, dinner and supper, it is now breakfast, luncheon and dinner. The last mentioned meal is served from 6 30 to 8 p. m. The change seems to have met with the general approval of the guests.

Twenty-five Killed by Lightning.

While a funeral was being held in a church at Pinerio, Spain, on Monday the building was struck by lightning and as a result twenty-five people were killed and thirty-five injured.

Thursday's Game of Baseball.

The Bedford Young Giants trounced the Everett Rosebuds to the tune of 34 to 4 at the fair ground on Thursday of last week.

ITS SILVER JUBILEE.

Royal Arcanum Celebrates Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

INTERESTING EXERCISES

Mark the Passing of the Fraternity's Twenty-Fifth Milestone—Speeches by Prominent Arcanians

In every city and town having a lodge of the Royal Arcanum the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of this famous fraternal organization in America was celebrated on Monday. The silver jubilee was made a memorable occasion by the members of the order in Bedford. Interesting public exercises were held in Ridenour hall in the evening and the event will be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present. The stage was tastefully decorated A number of screens, some of them being purple and white—the colors of the order—with a few graceful ferns, which softened the gleam of the electric lights, formed a pleasing background Music by the Bedford orchestra contributed to the pleasure of the evening. Rev. Irvin W. Hendricks, pastor of the Bedford Reformed church, presided. In his usual graceful and felicitous manner he warmly welcomed the guests and introduced the principal speaker, Grand Regent of Pennsylvania W. H. Druckemiller, of Sunbury. Rev Hendricks, in the course of his remarks, stated that after belonging to the order for almost twelve years his faith in the future, and his admiration of the principles, of the Royal Arcanum are stronger than ever before. He referred to the fact that there are two classes of persons who give you more than you desire for your money—the barber and the preacher—but he assured his hearers that Mr. Druckemiller would not give them more than they wanted.

Grand Regent Druckemiller won the friendship of the audience with his first utterance. He began his speech by telling a story and during his address related several anecdotes which, although they greatly amused his auditors, nevertheless strikingly illustrated the case in point. Mr. Druckemiller, in an earnest, straightforward manner, told of the birth of the order, its growth and the great good it has accomplished.

Nine men met on June 23, 1877, and organized the supreme council. Today there are 27 grand councils, the order having lodges in 24 states, the District of Columbia, Ontario and Quebec. There are 62,130 members in New York; 28,577 in Pennsylvania. On December 31, 1901, the total membership of the order was 225,047; on April 30, 1902, 235,361. There are now 1,968 sub-councils. In the past quarter of a century the order has paid 25,000 death claims. The resources on April 30, 1902, were $1,124,245 and the liabilities $712,141. The total receipts were $7. 550,180; total payments to beneficiaries, $70,516,035; transferred to emergency fund, $1,500,000; amount in care of supreme trustees, $1,636,688

The Royal Arcanum was the first to go to the aid of stricken Johnstown when the waters of the Conemaugh rushed through the valley, carrying death and destruction on every wave. The Royal Arcanians are bound by a triple cord—virtue, mercy and charity. At the close of his speech Mr. Druckemiller was vigorously applauded. In our reference to his address we do not pretend to quote him. We have picked up only a very few crumbs from the feast of good things he gave to the audience.

After Mr. Druckemiller's speech Rev. Hendricks introduced A. B. Bowen, a charter member of Everett lodge. Mr. Bowen spoke of his love for the order, which he believes is the grandest organization in existence, and compared it to other fraternal societies He is such a zealous Arcanian that he loves to dwell on the good the society has accomplished. In concluding, he advised the members of Bedford Springs lodge to be zealous, to be up and doing and to attend the meetings regularly.

Attorney Simon H. Sell, orator of the local lodge, was the next speaker. He referred to the social features of the order and spoke of insurance. He said that he had faith in the old line companies. "But what becomes of all of the money paid to them?" he asked. "They have forsaken the real principle of insurance and gone into the banking business." The Royal Arcanum is not an institution for speculation. It is a means of affording comfort and pleasure to widows and orphans. It aims to relieve the distressed and the oppressed. Mr. Sell stated that he had more faith in the Royal Arcanum than in any other insurance society and he believes that it will live forever. At the close of Orator Sell's speech Rev. Hendricks announced that after a few minutes of social intercourse the order and its guests would adjourn to the adjoining room to partake of refreshments. The studio, which had been transformed into a dining room, presented a most inviting appearance. Several long tables, ready for the feasters, had been placed in the room and as the visitors entered they were delightfully surprised at the brilliant scene which met their view. Toothsome ice cream and cake were served. Caterer Ben Smith deserves much praise for the excellent layout. During the feast B. E. Bowen, of Everett, in response to requests from the banqueters, made a few remarks After the feast Hon. E S. Doty announced that the local lodge would go to its council chamber and have a meeting and invited the visiting Arcanians to attend. The company then dispersed, all carrying with them pleasant memories of the silver jubilee of the Royal Arcanum.

The officers of the Bedford Springs lodge are as follows: Past regent, Dr. H. B. Strock; regent, John Line; vice-regent, H. E. Miller; recording secretary, H. D. Tate, Esq; collector, Hon. E S. Doty; treasurer, J. R. Irvine; orator, S H. Sell, Esq; chaplain, J. A. Covalt; guide, J. R. Jordan; warden, F. C. Pate; sentinel, A. L. Kimberling; trustees, N. M. Mantler, D. F. Smith and Edward Prosser.

Among those from Everett who attended the jubilee exercises were Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. D S. Gump, A. B. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lahr, H. H. Lahr, J. C. Barndollar, J. T. Morrow, J. E. Johnson, Arthur Sponsler, T. W. Tobias, Jesse Horton, J. C. Chamberlain, Dr. H. W. Bender, Harry Cessna and daughter Edna, Lloyd Beegle and daughter Nannie.

MORE JUNE BRIDES.

Young Men and Maidens Who Have Been Captured by Cupid.

At the home of the bride, South Juliana street, Bedford, Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, B. F. Madore, Esq., and Miss Nellie Leroy Amos were united in marriage by Rev. George Leidy, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, Josiah Amos, the wedding was a quiet one, only the near relatives of the contracting parties being present. Miss Amos wore a handsome gown of white mull trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The parlor, in which the marriage took place, was decorated with plants and flowers.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Madore, of Hyndman. He came to Bedford eight years ago and studied law. In June, 1895, he was admitted to the Bar and has practised his profession here ever since. By his energy and close attention to business he has established a good practice. He has been attorney for the directors of the poor for more than two years and was a candidate for the nomination for prothonotary on the Republican ticket in 1899 and again in 1902, and although he did not win, he made a good run each time.

The bride is a most excellent young woman. Her sweet disposition, unselfishness and kindness have won a large circle of friends. She is an active member of the M. E. church, Sunday school and Epworth League. Mr. and Mrs Madore left on the 9.25 train for a visit to Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Upon their return to Bedford they will go to housekeeping in the residence on East Pitt street recently occupied by William K. Agnew and daughter. May their pathway through life be flooded with sunshine!

Shaffer-Acker.

Palmer Ross Shaffer and Miss Lillie C. Acker, both of Osterburg, were married at 8 p. m., Wednesday, June 18, in Trinity Reformed church, St. Clairsville. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A F. Nace, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. E E Parson, of the Lutheran church. The bridal party entered the church while Lohengrin's wedding march was played by Miss Hattie Henderson. Charles Shaffer was groomsman and Miss Grace Kauffman bridesmaid. Lena Acker and Edna and Alma Mason were the flower girls.

Lape-Custer.

Samuel D. Lape, of Bedford, and Miss Laura V. Custer, of Johnstown, were married last Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride, No. 216 Vine street, by the Rev. Samuel R. Seese, pastor of the Moxham United Brethren church. The couple have gone to housekeeping in the Seventh ward.—*Johnstown Tribune*

Miller Grubb

On Tuesday at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage, Bedford, Oscar Miller and Minnie Grubb, of Cumberland, were united in marriage by Rev. George Leidy.

ELOPERS WILL BE PROTECTED.

Ministers and Railroad Company Combine to Prevent Extortion in Cumberland.

Many Bedford county folks will be interested in the following telegram from Cumberland which appeared in some of Friday's dailies:

"Cumberland's serenity as a paradise for elopers is threatened with strife. The local ministerial association has been promised the co-operation of the Baltimore & Ohio officials in a campaign against the marriage fee evil. Rev. Albert H. Zimmerman brought up the subject before the ministerial association this week, and his condemnation of the prevailing abuses was heartily indorsed. The railroad company has ordered employees to refrain from pumping lovers.

"It is claimed that certain brakemen and newsboys on trains of the Pittsburg division ascertain what couples are on the trains en-route to Cumberland to be married and then arrange to get them hackman, license and preacher. Would-be grooms, usually ignorant of conditions, are charged no less than $10, though the license costs but $1 The preacher usually gets $3, it is claimed, the brakeman $2, the newsboy $2 and the hackman $2. Sometimes the latter extorts $5.

"When the train rolls into the Queen City depot the newsboy on the car platform signals to the hackmen lined along the pavement how many couples are on board by holding up his fingers. Nearly all the itinerant couples are hauled to the same minister, and frequently, very frequently, the hackmen indulge in a fight over who is to haul the couples. Then the hackmen will persist in hauling the couples to certain preachers, whether the lovers want it or not. One preacher may get as many as five out-of-town couples in a day.

"At least 1,000 couples from Pennsylvania are married here every year. Hackmen, when they find a particularly green couple in their clutches, drive for squares and squares out of the way, just to make a long trip and charge accordingly. They even go to the court house and coach the couples, so that by the ring which profits by elopements every inducement is offered to make marriage easy in order that fees will be extorted which are only limited by the extorter's sense of discretion and caution."

Marriage Licenses.

Thomas F. Cypher and Margaret M. Reed, of Saxton.

Charles G. Foor and Margaret Householder, of East Providence township.

Oscar Miller and Minnie Grubb, of Cumberland.

B F. Madore and Nellie L. Amos, of Bedford.

Franklin H. Cypher, of Saxton, and Ida B. Shultz, of Entriken.

William S Bussard and Amanda Weimer, of Monroe township.

A Spring Chicken Worth $150.

A despatch from Plainfield, N. J., June 18, says: "While preparing a chicken for cooking Mrs. Jacob Cose, of this city, found a bright stone in its craw. She took it to a local jeweler, who declared it was a pure diamond. His offer of $150 for the gem was refused."

THE TWIN CITIES

Of the Great Northwest Described by a Bedfordite.

ST. PAUL—MINNEAPOLIS.

Industries of the Two Cities—The Home of J. B. Hill—The "Flour City's" Great Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., JUNE 21, 1902.

DEAR EDITOR GAZETTE:—St. Paul and Minneapolis constitute the greatest metropolis west of Chicago, the former having a population of 175,000 and the latter 225,000. St. Paul's importance as a great railroad center is well known. The Northwestern Line, Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul are among the great trunk lines having their offices located there and it has great live stock, jobbing and manufacturing interests. The value of live stock handled each year amounts to $13,000,000. The city is situated on a hill overlooking the Mississippi river, and although it is 750 miles north of St. Louis, this mighty river is still navigable, a line of steamers running regularly between the two cities. Here lives J. B. Hill, the great railroad magnate, the most prominent man to-day in the northwest—a man who was at one time a poor clerk and from that drifted into the coal business; then became connected with the lake trade and when the Great Northern Line, which was then a small affair, was about to go into the hands of a receiver Hill secured control of it and from this beginning developed the great Continental Railway system which he now controls.

Minnesota is building its new state capitol in St. Paul, on Wabasha street, on an elevation overlooking the city. It is now almost completed, is built of Georgia marble, will cost more than $3,000,000 and its decoration will be the work of the best sculptors and painters this country can produce.

The two cities are so closely built that it is impossible to tell which city you are in when taking a trip on the electric cars, which are operated by one company, and this is, perhaps, the most complete and best equipped street railway system in the country.

Minneapolis, which is the younger of the two cities but the more progressive and the larger, is commonly known as the "Flour City," named so from the fact that the greater part of the world owes to this city the distinction of providing the material for making the main staff of life. Here are the great Washburn and Pillsbury flour mills, a group of twenty mills, with a capacity of 75,700 barrels a day. Pillsbury "A" mill, the largest of them, grinds 10,000 barrels a day. They obtain their power from St. Anthony's falls, which generate 36,000 horse power. These great falls also furnish the power for the street railways and city lighting. The state university is located here. It consists of 25 buildings and has 3,412 students this year, 950 of whom are women, in its ten departments. It ranks third, in point of attendance, in the United States. This city is almost level, broad asphalt streets, wide side-walks, fine business blocks, beautiful homes and plenty of lawns and shade trees—in fact, it is the cleanest and most modern city that I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. Its future possibilities, considering that it produced 15,000,000 barrels of flour, handled 83,312,370 bushels of wheat, 28,394,740 bushels of other grains, and cut 501,522,000 feet of lumber, ranking in 1901 as the first city in the United States as a milling, lumber center and grain market, seems to be unlimited.

In my next letter I shall endeavor to give you a description of some of the beautiful parks and lakes surrounding these cities, also to give our Bedford county farmers an idea of how they farm here in the northwest.

B. F. SHUCK.

Rev. Hendricks' Address at Mercersburg.

The most interesting feature of the commencement exercises at Mercersburg last week was the unveiling of the portrait of Rev. Dr. Aughinbaugh, who, as former president of Mercersburg college, when that institution was in a state of transition, saved it as an educational institution for the Reformed church and thus prepared the way for the admirable work being done by Mercersburg academy under Dr. Irvine. Dr. Aughinbaugh's task was a difficult, discouraging and trying one The address at the unveiling by Rev. I. W. Hendricks was a graceful acknowledgement of the services of Dr. Aughinbaugh and a fine tribute to him as a Christian gentleman. Dr. Irvine, in accepting the portrait, spoke of Dr. Aughinbaugh's work as a fine example of patience and faithfulness under most trying circumstances.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

Will of Christian Bertram.

The will of Christian Bertram, late of New Paris, has been filed in the register's office. Testator bequeaths all of his real estate and personal property to his wife. After her death his daughter, Rebecca Hoenstine, is to have $1,000; his daughter, Josephine Long, $300; his daughter, Grace Davis, a lot of ground and $300; his son, F. S. Bertram, $300; his grandson, A. J. Crissman, $100; his granddaughter, Vergie Bertram, $300; his grandson, Bennett H. Bertram, $100; his granddaughter, Mary Bartram, $100. The balance of his property is to be equally divided among his four daughters—Mary Triplett, Caroline Long, Anna Crissman and Anetta Smith. Joseph H. Triplett and Ambrose D. Long are named as executors.

Sand Stone and Silica.

Several Greensburg capitalists have secured an option on a tract of land situated at the tannery in Hyndman and owned by J. W. Madore. A force of men have prospected and located a large body of sandstone, analysis of which shows 99 per cent. of silica. If the proper freight rates can be secured from the Pennsylvania Railroad company a sand works with a capacity of 100 tons a day and employing thirty men will be erected at once. The silica for the manufacture of the famous silica stone is obtained from this tract. The men who are negotiating for the land own the only sand works not now in the trust.

WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

Extracts From a Sermon Preached by the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Sunday evening, June 15, Rev. H. B. Townsend, pastor of the Presbyterian church, preached a sermon to young men from the text, Proverbs 14: 12., in which, among other things, he said: You have heard it said that this world is a world of danger, but nearly all its dangers assail man, the heir of eternity. Below men's realm the dangers are few and simple in scope. Of animals, birds, fish and insects the law of their nature is so simple that they seldom leave the path of their divinely intended existence. But not so with man. He stumbles at the threshold and at every stage of life; is in danger of being warped and blassed; wanders out of right paths and is stormed upon and blown upon by a thousand dangers, so that in the journey to the heights of a Righteous manhood he is in danger of ruin and wreckage.

Man is a complex being, a being like Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde—a double or triple natured being.

Some children are very fortunate in their choice of parents; the habits and temperaments, strength or weakness of parents and ancestors being bound to reveal themselves in their offspring.

Every man must learn to handle himself; his own experience must teach him the hardest lessons and he is often liable to make mistakes; therefore at the threshold of life we need some messenger to stand and cry aloud, "Beware, watch your steps." The Bible is such a message to men, and warns men that there be ways which seem right to men, yet the ends thereof may be death.

But why should ways seem right and yet be so filled with dangers?

Some harmless things lead to death.

As a rule pleasure results from obedience to law; not always, for there may be times when suffering is the sign of virtue and it was once the sign of a God.

Heroism suffers voluntarily and vicariously as Jesus suffered. But the young are apt to think that danger can't lurk in pleasure. "Holidays are better than schooldays, and parents are wrong to force us to study when we prefer play."

If childhood is all and the boy was not to grow to a useful manhood the argument might hold.

The most fateful being with whom we have to deal is—man. Our companions have more influence over us than natural forces. Why? Because men use intelligence and forces to secure designed ends. They know how to watch and teach each other.

Look at the end of the selfish pleasure seeking life. Ask the victim at the end—when in prison or hospital or a Keeley Cure—if he really intended to come to this when he started out. "No, a thousand times no. It seemed a pleasant way and—here I am with rotting body, ruined name—brain—fortune—family. But—it seemed pleasant. I never dreamed of this as the end."

Some young men will not believe they can come to this. They know better. Experience should, however, teach something—not to play with fire. Wisdom advises the safe path. It is safe to live in virtuous ways; to walk in paths of righteousness; to remember your mother's God and your father's precepts Grace, help, salvation come thence. The wicked pass in and are punished.

King Edward's Coronation Postponed.

The coronation of King Edward VII has been indefinitely postponed because of his majesty's serious illness. He was operated upon Tuesday afternoon at Buckingham palace, London, for perityphlitis—a disease practically the same as appendicitis, by which name it is commonly known in this country. The last bulletin from the palace early Wednesday morning stated that the king was as well as could be expected and that "everything was progressing satisfactorily." Lord Salisbury, the premier, announced in the house of lords that for three or more days, at least, there will be uncertainty in reference to the outcome of the monarch's illness. Operations such as the one performed on him are often successful in the cases of men as old as he—60 years—but his weight and his habits of life are against him. He has been in failing health two weeks, and is said to be suffering from great nervous depression, aggravated by belief in a prophecy that he would never live to be crowned. By the king's special request the coronation dinner to the London poor will be given on Saturday, but all other fetes in connection with the event are postponed. Official and personal messages of sympathy from all over the world, including one from President Roosevelt, have been received at the palace.

Mitchell Appeals.

President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, has issued an address to the public concerning the strikers' demands. It is partly a reply to the letters of the operators, and says that every possible means was resorted to in the effort to prevent the strike, claims that the cost of living has increased to the point where the miner was compelled to ask for higher wages, denies the allegations of the operators that the productive capacity of the mine workers has fallen off, but, on the other hand, has increased, and quotes official figures to substantiate the contention that the employers can pay higher wages without increasing the cost of coal to the consumer.

Johnstowners Visit Bedford.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hager and their son Fred, of Vine street; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard, of Somerset street; Harry Hager, of Lincoln street; Mr. and Mrs. Newton B. Swank and their three children—Bessie, Newton B., Jr., and Ella—of Napoleon street; Mrs. Catharine von Lunen and daughter Henrietta, of Bedford street, and Dr. J. B. Woodruff, of Market street, drove to Bedford yesterday to spend several days fishing for trout and driving through the country districts of Bedford county. They expect to return to the city on Friday.—*Monday's Johnstown Tribune.*

DEATH'S SUMMONS

Answered By Many Well Known People

OF BEDFORD COUNTY.

William T. Haney Dies In the Yard at His Home In Cumberland Valley—Other Deaths.

Monday evening William T. Haney, a well known farmer of Cumberland Valley, was found dead in the yard in front of his house. The cause of death was heart disease and dropsy. He had been sick for five years. The deceased was a son of William Thomas Haney and was born in Friend's Cove. When he was three years old his parents moved to Cumberland Valley and decedent has lived there ever since. In 1856 he married Miss Margaret Knouff, of Harman's Bottom. To this union thirteen children were born, ten of whom are still living, namely, Mrs. James Smith, of Coal Run; Patrick and Charles Haney, of Johnstown; W. Ellsworth, J. Ross, Richard, Myrtle and Louise Haney, of Cumberland Valley; Frances Haney, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Frank Hemming, of Bedford township. Mr. Haney is also survived by four sisters—Mrs. Harriet Studebaker, of Missouri; Mrs. Hannah Bridges, of Johnstown; Mrs. Jane Bagley and Elizabeth Haney, of Cumberland Valley. His wife died on November 19, 1891. Funeral services were held in St. Thomas' Catholic church, of which the deceased was a member, Wednesday morning and were conducted by Rev. Father Paul. Interment in the new Catholic cemetery. Mr. Haney was aged sixty-eight years, one month and one day.

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William Stapleton.

William Stapleton, of Liberty township, died on June 18, at the age of seventy-four years, seven months and five days. He was a miller by trade and erected the Little mill at Saxton in 1870. After operating it a few years he returned to his native town, Trough Creek, returning to Liberty township several years ago. Near the close of the civil war he volunteered in the nine months' service. His wife and the following children survive him: James C. Stapleton, of Saxton; Mrs. Jane Showalter, Isaac, Edward, Mary, Chalmers and Bessie Stapleton, at home.

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Thomas P. Studebaker.

Thomas P. Studebaker, of Wolfsburg, died Tuesday evening at 6.30 o'clock. He was aged eighty-six years, three months and five days. Mr. Studebaker formerly lived at Point, removing from that place to Wolfsburg about fifteen years ago. He is survived by two sons—William and Edward Studebaker—and five or six daughters. His wife died a few years ago. The body was taken to Fishertown for interment. Funeral services were held in the Reformed church at that place yesterday.

***

Abraham Moses.

Abraham Moses, a well-to-do farmer of King township, died at his home near Osterburg Sunday evening, in his eighty-ninth year, of old age. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Moses. The funeral services were held yesterday morning at ten o'clock. He is survived by his wife and three sons—Frank K., Samuel K. and John Henry Moses, all of Osterburg. Mr. Moses was an industrious, honest man and commanded the esteem of his friends and neighbors.

***

J. Edgar Clouser.

J. Edgar Clouser, formerly of Everett, died in Altoona at the home of his father, John B. Clouser, on June 19. The deceased was aged twenty-five years, nine months and eighteen days. He is survived by his father, four brothers and two sisters. He was a member of the Junior Order United American Mechanics and the Improved Order of Red Men. The body was taken to Everett and interred in the cemetary at that place.

***

Martin H. Boor.

Martin H. Boor, of West End, died Monday evening, the result of paralysis. He was seventy years old and is survived by five grown-up sons. His wife died several years ago. The deceased was a brother of Jacob Boor, of near Cumberland, and John W. Boor, steward of the Allegany county, Md., almshouse.

***

Mrs. Elizabeth Ott.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ott, of Waterside, died on June 22. She was born in Fulton county on November 13, 1835, and was united in wedlock to Samuel Ott in 1854. Her husband died eight years ago. Twelve children survive her. Mrs. Ott was a member of the Lutheran church for many years.

Says She Has Killed Thirty-One Persons.

Suspected of the death of eleven persons, but indicted for murdering only three, Miss Jane Toppan, who was declared insane at Barnstable, Mass., on Monday, has confessed that she has killed during her career as a professional nurse no less than thirty-one human beings. This statement was made to Judge Fred M. Bixby, of Brockton, senior counsel, at the trial at Barnstable, when Miss Toppan was found not guilty by reason of insanity on the charge of murdering Mrs. Mary D. Gibbs. Morphine was Miss Toppan's agency for producing death. Many of her victims were unsuspecting and most intimate friends, others were the patients of reputable physicians, who employed her on account of her ability as a nurse. Miss Toppan was so expert in her knowledge of how to employ drugs and poisons that she was able to escape detection for years.

Refused the Gold.

Last week Commissioner Baker and Attorney Biddle journeyed to Chambersburg and tendered the president of the Bedford and Chambersburg Turnpike company $5,087.50 in glittering gold coin. This sum represented the award of the viewers who condemned that part of the turnpike in Bedford county. The representative of the Turnpike company positively refused to accept the money. The argument on the motion to strike off the appeal from the award of damages will be heard at the September term of court.

PERSONAL NOTES.

People Who Move Hither and Thither in This Busy World.

Miss Mary Daschbach, of Pittsburg, is visiting Miss Fyan.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Daniels spent Sunday with friends in Berlin.

Mrs. Emily Jamison paid a visit to friends in Cresson last week.

Admiral B. J. Cromwell, United States navy, is at the Arandale.

Mrs. Clayton Stuckey is visiting friends and relatives in Johnstown.

Mrs. John A. Kuster and daughter, of Columbus, O., are visiting Miss Tate.

Mrs. W. A. Cartwright, of Verona, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sophia Dibert.

Mrs. J. M. Keedy, of San Juan, Porto Rico, is paying a visit to her old home here.

Mr. John E. Eicholtz, of Pittsburg, is spending a few days here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. H. C. Heckerman is spending some time with relatives and friends in New Philadelphia, O.

Mrs. Louisa Hickok and Miss Hickok, of Harrisburg, now occupy their summer residence on Pitt street.

Mr. John T. Gephart, of Altoona, spent Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gephart.

Mrs. Augustus Bottiger and children, of Nashville, Tenn., are visiting relatives and friends in Bedford.

Miss Nora Wentling, a clerk in Barnett's store, is spending a ten-days' vacation at her home in New Paris.

Miss Mary Beachley, who has been attending the Academy, returned to her home in Middletown, Md., on Tuesday.

Mr. George May, of Loisenring, an employee of the Union Supply company, is spending a few days in Bedford.

Messrs. M. S. Bowers and T. Cunningham, of Mt. Savage, Md., spent a few days this week with friends in Bedford.

Mr. D. F. Culler, Professor of Languages in the St. Louis, Mo., high school, is spending his vacation at his home here.

Mrs. Pauline Canter and Miss Jennie Bershad, of New York, were guests of the former's brother, Mr. Abe Hoffman, this week.

On Tuesday Mrs. Abram Barnhart went to Cumberland to see her brother, Mr. Templeton Gephart, who is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Morgart and children, of Windber, were guests of Mrs. Morgart's mother, Mrs. Harrison Hartley, this week.

Miss Ethel White and Dr. H. B. Brightbill, of Saxton, were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Brightbill, on Sunday.

Mrs. William M. Hall and children, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Richard C. Hall, of Philadelphia, are guests at the home of Mrs. Hall's father, Mr. A. I. Lyon.

This morning Mrs. William Weyant and Mrs. Charles Gilchrist will leave for Apollo. They will spend two weeks in Indiana and Westmoreland counties.

Mrs. W. E. Rose and children, Charles, Harry and Sarah Rose, and Mrs. W. E. Matthews, of Johnstown, registered at the Bedford House on Monday.

Miss Laura Armstrong, a nurse in the Hahnemann hospital, Philadelphia, is spending her vacation here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Armstrong.

Mr. William Snell, Jr., who has been working in McKeesport, recently returned to Bedford because of the serious illness of his father. The latter is a little better.

Mrs. George W. Potter is visiting her parents, Sheriff and Mrs S. F. Gates. Dr. Potter is at present practising his profession in Dayton, O., and may locate there permanently.

Mrs. S. L. Naus and niece, Lulu Naus, who have been visiting in Meyersdale, Cumberland and Ellerslie, have returned home, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Milburn and son, of Meyersdale, who will spend some time in Bedford.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Beatty, of Harrisburg, and Mr. Edward McCormick, of Germantown, supervisor of Division No. 1, maintenance of way, P. R. R., with headquarters at Tyrone, are guests of Mrs. Louisa Hickok.

County Chairman F. E. Colvin, of Bedford, Delegates Frank Fletcher, of Bedford, and J. W. Huff, of Saxton, attended the Democratic state convention at Erie on Wednesday. Delegate D. S. Horn was unable to go to Erie because of the illness of his wife.

We were agreeably surprised on Saturday to receive a visit from our old friend, Mr. Harry Stead, formerly traveling salesman for the Thomas W. Price company, of Philadelphia. Mr. Stead now represents the American Standard Paper company, of the Quaker City, and is as great a hustler as ever. He knows the paper business "from A to izzard" and is one of the most versatile "knights of the grip" on the road.

Pleasantly Surprised.

Under the impression that their little daughter Edith would have to undergo another operation, Mr. and Mrs. S S. Claar took the child to Pittsburg last week, but they were agreeably surprised to learn that she had improved so much that Dr. Stewart, after making a careful examination, decided that it would be unnecessary to operate again. The physician also was astonished at Edith's condition, which is, in a great measure, due to careful nursing on the part of her devoted parents. She is now able to walk with the aid of crutches. It is expected that she will entirely recover from the injury to her hip, which she sustained by being knocked down by another girl running against her while she was on the playground at school. Edith has been in bed nearly six months. She is a bright girl and has borne her affliction without a murmur.

Miss Wright To Be Maid of Honor.

Miss Marian Wright, of Bedford, is visiting at the home of her aunts, the Misses Picking, of Patriot Terrrace. She is to be maid of honor at the Marsden-Cunningham wedding.—*Somerset Herald.*

MENTIONED IN BRIEF.

Town Talk and Neighborhood Notes.

MANY ITEMS OF INTEREST

Gleaned From Various Sources—Little Points Picked Up By Vigilant Reporters.

Wednesday's rain was a most welcome visitor.

G. H. Dauler, who has been very sick, is recovering.

William Brice, Jr., is ill. He was confined to the house a few days this week.

On July 1 a lodge of the Knights of the Maccabees will be organized in Bedford.

Miss Alsip entertained a few friends to a euchre party at the Arandale on Saturday.

Yesterday the Bedford Springs company received a 125-pound turtle from New York.

On Tuesday Minnich brothers erected a porch in front of John A. Corle's house on Pitt street.

A violent storm visited Rainsburg and vicinity on Wednesday, blowing down trees and wrecking fences.

The barn belonging to Andrew Replogle, of near Brumbaugh, was destroyed by fire Wednesday evening.

Dr. R. B. Colvin, of Schellsburg, has passed the examination held by the board of dental examiners of the state.

J. Roy Cessna, one of the clerks in the office of Superintendent Beale, of the Bedford division, is on the sick list.

On Monday the following postmasters were appointed: C. H. Perrin, at Elbinsville, and R. H. Kay, at Kearney.

Bedford Fire Department No. 1 will go to Tyrone on July 3 to take part in the Fourth of July celebration there under the auspices of the local firefighters.

Six freight cars and a caboose were derailed at Ellerslie

Bedford Gazette.

Established In 1805.

THE GAZETTE is the leading newspaper of Bedford county and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE IS A MODEL AMONG COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—*New York World.*

Regular subscription price per year...$2.00
If paid in advance.....1.50
All communications should be addressed to
THE GAZETTE PUBLISHING CO.,
BEDFORD, PA.

Friday Morning, June 27, 1902.

A FLAT FAILURE.

Speaking of boomerangs, the Sherman law of 1890 stands at the head of the list. This measure, ostensibly passed by the senate to protect the masses from the oppression of the cruel combines, which send prices of the necessities of life skyward at their own sweet will, lower wages and otherwise harrass the people, is one of the best friends the trusts have. Ever since its passage the Republicans have pointed to it with pride, many platforms of many state conventions containing planks which sound the praises of the act. Senator Quay's platform, which is to carry the ponderous weight of Cousin Pennypacker and a cargo of other "perishable freight," is no exception. In the regulation stereotyped form a plank in the 1902 Quay-Stone resolutions calls attention to this remarkable law of 1890 as follows:

"We point with pride to the passage by the Republican party in 1890 of the law devised by John Sherman to prohibit and punish combinations in restraint of trade, the control of wages or the advancing of prices."

This sounds like a splendid shibboleth. But what are the facts? Is the Sherman law of any avail in "prohibiting and punishing combinations in restraint of trade?" There isn't a man who has kept in touch with the history of the country who doesn't know that this law is not effective in this way. The fallacy of this pretense on the part of the builders of Republican platforms has been recognized by papers and people of all parties. In referring to the matter the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, one of the ablest and most prominent Republican journals published in this country, says that "the Republican party can have no pride in the Sherman act, except it be such as results from the triumph of deceit instead of truth." Continuing, our contemporary says:

"Not only has the Sherman law failed to restrain the few trusts which existed at the time of its passage, but during the twelve years it has been on the statute books the most aggressive and sordid trusts have been formed, and are now flourishing without let or hindrance. The Republicans in congress did not mean to interfere with the trusts when they enacted the Sherman law, and they meant when they passed the Dingley tariff law to promote and maintain trusts in restraint of trade, in the control of wages and in the arbitrary advance of prices.

"If there were any possible doubt of the determined purpose of the Republicans in congress to create and safeguard the trusts, it would be removed by the most casual reference to the record of the proceedings of the Republican majority during the entire time it has dominated the senate and house. To-day this powerful majority is contending against the efforts of the opponents of the predatory sugar trust to repeal the duties on refined sugars, which are the only varieties used by the 75,000,000 American consumers If those duties, imposed by the Dingley tariff, were repealed, the sugar trust would be beaten in its monopolistic restriction of trade, in its fixing of wages and its pernicious activity in increasing prices.

"With the cost of living during the past ten years having increased 40 per cent., according to undisputed figures, and wages during the same period having increased only 1 per cent; with the evidence of trusts and illegal combinations on every hand, and only one pretense of governmental opposition, made for campaign effect, can anyone maintain seriously that the Sherman act has not been and always will be a flat failure?"

THE TWO BROWNS.

In discussing Quay's candidates the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, a Republican paper, says:

"Neither the Brown of Lawrence county, for lieutenant governor, nor the Brown of Erie county, for secretary of internal affairs, is a source of popular strength to the Republican state ticket. They are both likely to put the Republican managers on the defensive in the campaign.

"Brown, of Erie, now deputy secretary of internal affairs, already owes to the voters in Pennsylvania an explanation of his connection with the transaction on which the supreme court passed judgment unanimously nine years ago, when an attempt was made to take away several hundred acres of former public land from a citizen in Potter county on the ground of defective title. This action was carried on in the name of Deputy Brown, who caused a patent to be issued to himself, and the supreme court condemned it as not only irregular and against public policy, but denounced it as a dangerous proceeding in the exercise of powers not authorized. There was no charge against the integrity of the deputy, but the peculiar manner in which the case was pushed, together with the condemnation of the court upon it, demands that the candidate shall explain his relation to it in order that the people may judge his fitness to stand for secretary of internal affairs."

ACCORDING to a statement from Secretary Root the war in the Philippines has already cost the United States $170,326,568. Surely that is a sum to stagger the taxpayers of the country, a vast majority of whom are not in sympathy with the administration's imperialistic policy and its kill and burn methods of warfare.

THE Altoona *Tribune*, Republican, thus pays its respects to the Republican delegates who sold out to Quay: "The individual who goes to a state or county convention with certain specific instructions from his constituents, and who casts his ballot for candidates for whom his county or precinct did not instruct, is a traitor to free institutions, for his vote makes possible the complete overthrow of the popular will and thus does grave violence to every principle of right and justice."

First Discovery of Gold.

After careful investigation it has been determined that the date of the discovery of gold in California was January 28th, 1848. About that same time there was another important discovery, which to thousands of people has been worth more than all the gold, because it restored them to health, and that is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This wonderful medicine continues to cure stomach and bowel complaints, the same to day as in the past, and although many medicines have come and gone, the Bitters still remain the people's favorite. To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, heartburn, constipation or biliousness, and have tried other medicines without obtaining relief, this remedy will prove a blessing, because it will surely cure them. Try a bottle and satisfy yourself.

Editorial Etchings.

There was probably never a case where the candidacy of a good man was promoted by worse methods than those employed by Quay in procuring delegations for Judge Pennypacker as the only possible way of blocking the Elkin movement The senator's old and faithful newspaper supporter, the Philadelphia Inquirer, has refused to follow him this time, and has revealed his methods—the same this year as in the past contests when it concealed them. A fair sample is its charge that "something like the sum of $40,000 was spent in Tioga county to defeat Elkin, and that agents of the Elkin opposition stood openly on the street corners in the populous centres and offered to purchase votes at prices ranging as high as $10 a vote." A nomination for governor achieved by such methods is not an honor of which a judge should be proud, and indeed the readiness of Mr. Pennypacker to accept the candidacy at the hands of Quay throws a cloud upon his reputation.—*New York Post.*

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With the coal trust and the meat trust raising prices and refusing to raise wages, the issue between those concerns and the people is fast being made up. They are engaged in a monumental folly, and every one man of property in the country ought to find some way of communicating this universal opinion to the heedless barons of the mines and the abattoirs.—*Boston Globe*

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If the beet-sugar people really believe that the sugar trust is behind the Cuban reciprocity measure, why do they not vote to remove the trust's differential on refined sugar, as the house did? There was never a better opportunity to punish an enemy and benefit a nation than is offered to them in this matter.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*

—

There is one compensating feature about the irrigation bill; it may take so much money to spread water over American deserts that we shall have none left with which to spend American blood over foreign fields.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—

It is expected that the Filipinos will assist in the celebration of "the glorious Fourth" in Manila. They will certainly hear some surprising news when the Declaration of Independence is read to them.—*New York World.*

—

King Edward thinks the Boers are brave. Wait till we get the Filipinos whipped. We may then discover that they, too, are valiant foemen.—*Chicago Herald.*

—

It must not be forgotten that the president and Secretary Root have assumed responsiblity for everything General Wood did in Cuba. That lets Wood out.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—

That Chicago jurymen who sold his vote to a traction company for $5 50 ought to have been ashamed to admit that he could be bought so cheap.—*Ohio State Journal.*

—

It would be a real public service if Morgan would combine Fitz, Jeffries, Corbett and their kind and then sink the combination.—*St. Paul Globe.*

—

The first honor cadet at West Point is from Alabama. The sons of the Confederacy make good soldiers for the Union.—*Iowa State Register.*

—

General Wood believes advertising pays, and he knows it costs something to advertise.—*Chicago Tribune*

—

One thing to the credit of Oom Paul: He never wore knee pants—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Filthy Temples In India.

Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that's polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively livers, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at J. R. Irvine & Co's drug store.

My little son had an attack of whooping cough and was threatened with pneumonia; but for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy we would have had a serious time of it. It also saved him several severe attacks of croup.—H. J. Strickfaden, editor *World Herald*, Fair Haven, Wash. For sale by all druggists.

LANGDONDALE, PA., Jan. 17, 1902.
G. W. Lockard says:—In September, 1900, I was caught in a runaway while driving a colt which caused what the doctors called clogged paralysis in my left limbs, from which I have had no use of my arm or leg since. I spent near eight months in hospital treatment and since have been using Chamberlain's Cream Balm Liniment, which has given me more relief than the hospital treatment. I also had rheumatism in my right arm, which it completely cured. I can heartily recommend the liniment to others as the best to all suffering, as I never found any thing to equal it.
Prepared by J. P. Chamberlain, Everett, Pa. For sale by all dealers

THE FARMERS' GIRLS.

Essay Written by Miss Dolly Haffly for Bedford County Farmers' Institute.

We are continually hearing the question, "What shall be done to save the boys?" But we seldom hear it asked in regard to the girls. In the anxiety for the boys the rights of the girls are sometimes forgotten. What a responsibility rests upon both of them! There is probably no other subject in the world about which there has been so much sentiment. Too much care can not be taken to train them for these responsibilities. The girls especially have a responsibility second to none other; to a certain extent they determine the character of the young men in the community. We sometimes see these lines, "Show me the young ladies in a community and I will show you the young men." I know that it is possible for the farmers' girls to be so noble and womanly that all who know them will desire to be better; they can live a life so pure that the unchaste word, the suggestive speech can not be uttered in their presence Their manner of life is simple and might even be called monotonous, but what is more enjoyable than that of a quiet home in the country? Such perfect contentment of spirit, such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of the busy and active world. Why, every day opens with a jubilate and closes with a thanksgiving. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye or gratify the taste than a noble farm, and we can not love it with an affection too pure and fervent. The farmers' girls have many things to admire and enjoy and some of the most enjoyable are those offered us by nature. What can equal the shifting of the blue evening shadows on the rose-hued mountain walls? A walk in the green fields in the spring months, when all nature seems to leap into glory, when the air is sweet with the scent of apple blossoms and the trees look like large bouquets. Why, even these are enough to content us and to give every day a different charm from that which went before and we can look back with pleasant memories and a feeling of gladness to the days that have gone by and of the days to come, with bright and cheerful hope.

To-day, girls in almost every position in life are wondering what they shall do for a living. Like their brothers, the girls want to accomplish something, and how shall they do this? Not by dreaming all day long, although, doubtless, some dreaming will be done, there is only one thing to do, have a fixed purpose and stick to it.

We now find the farmers' girls filling almost all the different positions in life. They can suit themselves to almost any kind of work. These are the girls that are being called for every day. The call must be an earnest call, as the farmers' girls only accept calls of honor and respect. There was a time when the kitchen girl was looked down on, but to-day she is standing at the head. Be it said to the honor of the average working girl, that purity is held by her co-ordinately in the same balance with the daughters of wealth, and from the many rebuffs which they have been compelled, by the present state of society, to encounter, they are far more able to withstand temptation than the petted dolls of society, who are so carefully protected by governesses, chaperons, etc.

The age in which we live is too great with meaning for any one to spend their time and strength helping society women to kill time pleasantly. How many women spend their time in idleness, seemingly unconscious that a great, needy, hungry world is perishing for help.

Right here I pause to say a word to those who are continually employing female help. Have you ever paused to think that the Lord, Who has so prospered your efforts in life as to make it possible for you to exist in the lap of luxury, will hold you accountable if you do not keep the same tender, watchful eye upon your help as you do upon your own daughters; the same happy, pure environments should be in the kitchen as in the inner cirles of the home.

Many mothers gather their skirts around their own pure daughters to shield them, while they hold up their hands in holy horror whenever they see or meet a poor Magdalene.

Do we not need good girls to-day more than we need brilliant ones; girls that are good from the heart to the lips, pure as the lily is white and pure from its heart to its sweet leaf tips? The girls that are wanted are home girls—girls that are mother's right hand, girls that father and mother can trust in, and the little ones understand; girls that are fair on the hearthstone, and pleasant when nobody sees, kind and sweet to their own folks, ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls, that know what to do and say, that drive, with a smile and a loving word, the gloom of the household away.

Virulent Cancer Cured.

Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by Druggist G. W. Roberts, of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to expel bilious, kidney and microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless healing power, blood diseases, skin eruptions, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, Salve 35c at J. R. Irvine & Co's drug store.

The King of Saxony.

King Albert, of Saxony, who had been suffering with cancer for the past two years, died Thursday evening of last week. King Albert was born at Dresden on April 23, 1828. In 1853 he was married to the Princess Caroline, daughter of Prince Gustavus, of Vasa. His wife, who survives him, bore him no children. As crown prince in the Franco-German war, he commanded an army corps and had quite a military record when he succeeded his father to the throne in 1873. The royal house of Saxony is one of the oldest of the reigning families in Europe. It was founded by Heinrich of Ellenburg, of the ancient family of Wettin, who reigned until 1103 and was succeeded by his son—Conrad the Great.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for the children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by all druggists.

BROADBRIM'S BUDGET

Number One Thousand Three Hundred and Nine.

THE FISH TRUST.

The Great Ocean Is Alloted to a Few Men—Our Religious Character—The Hegira Has Begun.

Special Correspondence of THE GAZETTE.

NEW YORK, June 24.—A few years ago a leading lady in the city of Brooklyn, desiring to keep penance during the season of Lent, requested her maid to stop in at the fish man's and order some halibut for dinner. "About how much will you require?" inquired the fish man. "Oh, about three or four will be enough. Our family is not large." It is unnecessary to say that the fish man was amazed at the extent of the order, as the smallest halibut he had that morning weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, but he was not much more surprised than I was when giving out an order for a fish dinner for my family, when I learned that codfish, the commonest of all of the denizens of the sea, the one fish that ever and always was within the reach of the poor man, had suddenly jumped, when aided by the fish trust, to a price exceeding that of the finest salmon or that exquisite delicacy, the mountain brook trout, the crowning glory of a connoisseur's feast, and when I took up my paper the other day and learned that a fish trust was about being formed I laughed in my sleeve to think of the immense job that this fish trust had undertaken. The Almighty in the plenitude of His power and mercy had reserved of the ocean's space of our habitable globe two-thirds as an ocean trust for the poor man. Here for thousands, or perhaps millions, of years, was a game preserve for poverty; out in the great ocean, and marking the situations of the feeding grounds, he could so time it that almost any day in the three hundred and sixty-five he could catch enough good fish to furnish him with an excellent, substantial dinner, or if he desired to go farther and had the means to do it, he could load his ship with a cargo of oil that would bring him a respectable fortune as soon as he reached the shore.

"A fish trust, a fish trust," in the name of all that is good, bad or indifferent, what are we coming to? Why, in our favorite bailiwick of Coney Island, they have already fenced off the poor man from the sea and if you want to get a dip to get renewed life in your poor, drooping body the present cost is 25 cents, but when the fish trust firmly sits in the saddle I look to see a cool drop of ocean anywhere from 50 cents to $2.50.

Already the great ocean is allotted out to a few men; an ingenious inventor, with his submarine destroyer, crawls along on the bottom of the sea, while J. Pierpont Morgan floats a few hundred feet above him on the surface and puts up the toll-gates on every foot of his claim, along which this notice may be seen: "Intruders, beware; no admittance except on business; look out for savage dogs, beware of man-trap and spring guns." I have had occasion during the last few months to caution my readers against trusts. They come in such alluring shapes that it is almost impossible to resist temptation. Where you knock the head off one trust the hydra head of a dozen new villainies spring up to supply the place of the one you have destroyed. About this fish trust there is a shameless crime; it is not long since I recorded the destruction of nearly forty barrels of decayed fish to keep the price up in the market and virtually to exclude it from the wholesome food supply of the poor man. Whatsoever excuse there may be for a food trust on land, where wheat goes up to double its former value, where cattle are raised to meet the beef demand of all the nations of the earth, where coal is garnered from the mines where the Almighty planted it millions and millions of years ago? Expensive plants are necessary to secure these hidden treasures; the lives of thousands are imperiled every day to secure them, but the fish of the ocean need no guardian either in the polar seas or under the equator. The Almighty has given these mighty herds an instinct which guides them to the poor man's door, but in the moment of his extremest want comes a trust to claim the mighty ocean peculiarly his own. He drives the poor man back and demands a mighty price for the crop he never sowed, but of which he is the sole and golden reaper. In brazen impudence and fathomless villainy there is no trust revealed within the memory of man which will equal this fish trust in its incarnate deviltry.

To the most casual observer who has known our New York life for the last thirty or forty years it must be evident that however much we have increased in population and wealth we have by no means added to our moral or religious character. Fewer people attend church to-day than they did forty years ago. The observance of the law laid down by our Christian rulers does not seem entitled to either reverence or respect. Half a century ago in the most of our large cities the father and mother prepared the children and all went to church together. The observance of the Sabbath was a special obligation from which we are drifting away. We have been rapidly importing European and other foreign crimes which seem to-day to have a fixed permanence in our midst. The crime of kidnaping, as it exists in Italy, and the seizure of prominent citizens for ransom, has gradually assumed the character of a regular business in the United States. It is not very long since the son of a wealthy citizen of Omaha, Neb, was seized in open day and $25,000 was demanded for his release. The punishment of refusal was murder. It is almost a forgotten crime to-day, the kidnaping and murder of Charlie Ross. He, like the victim of this latter crime in Omaha, roused the whole land to a pitch of fury never known in this land before. The father of Charlie Ross was a man of comfortable fortune at the time his boy was kidnaped. He spent his fortune and wrecked his health following every clew that gave him a possible hope of recovery of his boy, and though assisted by thousands, he never saw his child again, and with the boy's mother, died of a broken heart.

For several years there was a cessation of the diabolical crime of kidnaping until one day about five years ago the son of a prominent citizen of Albany was seized in the middle of the afternoon and concealed in a lonely house in the woods only a few miles from Albany. A ransom of several thousand dollars was asked. The refusal of the demand insured the boy's death. Among the numerous pursuers who sought to discover the kidnapers' trail was a sharp newspaper reporter. His sight was keen and his hearing phenomenal and it was not very long until he ran down the kidnaper and recovered the boy. He was carried in triumph all around the city to assure the people that he was still alive and safe. The return of the boy assumed the character of a peace jubilee, the only drawback to the trial being that the murdering villains escaped punishment. The next great sensation occurred in Omaha and here in New York the stealing of a child in Central park by a conspiracy with a nurse which was finally restored to its parents without serious loss. The great sensation of the week, however, has been the attempted assassination of one Count de Cordova, a Spanish grandee, who is now the claimant to vast estates in his native land and who has been followed by murderous thugs from Spain to the United States to induce him to sign papers renouncing all claims to his family estate under penalty of death. He was struck down at night while in the act of opening his own door, then dragged to a carriage and taken to a railroad on the verge of the city and tied fast to the rails, where for more than two hours he lay in the horrible anticipation of being ground to pieces by some approaching train. He was not aware that no trains were run at night on that section of the road, but the terror he endured that time was enough to unseat his reason. He was finally rescued from his perilous position by some parties who heard his cry for help.

The hegira has begun, the churches are beginning to close their doors, dust has settled on the window sills and door steps of many fashionable houses, giving notice to all the world that the occupants are no longer in town but at the White Mountains, Bedford Springs Adirondacks, Saratoga, Newport—and not forgetting the Thousand Islands—grand resorts which are anxiously awaiting the golden harvest which promises such abundance of good health, good appetites, and depletion of their purses, and they hope to be able to return home as the summer wanes, thousands disappointed with their share of the enjoyment of the coronation, while those who stayed in their native land and took in all the wonders between Eastport and the Golden Gate will return to their regular homes satisfied that they got the full worth of their money with a degree of satisfaction not experienced by those who crossed the ocean looking for things that they never found. This is the season of enjoyment after all, when sorrow and disappointment are pitched to the demition bow wows. As far as the coronation is concerned very few of the thousands who sought England for the time could expect to have a sight of the magnificent ceremony and splendid gathering which will mark the coronation of Edward VII. and was not equalled since the days of his predecessor, who was murdered by King Richard III. in the tower. Westminster Abbey is not a great building, though beneath its sacred roof repose the ashes of Great Britain's mightiest dead. Sunshine and tears are mingled in its memories. It is a shrine to which the nation turns when the Angel of Death sounds the call. Victory and defeat support its corner stone and the most sacred throne on which many of Great Britain's kings have received the emblems of power and royalty from a united nation is the plain stone on which Jacob's head rested on that eventful night when he saw the angels ascending and descending the ladder which led to the home of the Almighty. BROADBRIM.

Saved From An Awful Fate.

"Everybody said I had consumption," writes Mrs. A. M. Shields, of Chambersburg, Pa. "I was so low after six months of severe sickness, caused by Hay Fever and Asthma, that few thought I could get well, but I learned of the marvelous merit of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, used it, and was completely cured." For desperate Throat and Lung Diseases it is the safest cure in the world, and is infallible for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00 Trial bottles free at J. R. Irvine & Co's drug store.

What Is Its Message?

What does your money say to you? What message does it bring? Is it one of hope, of culture, of soul-growth, of education, of opportunity to help others, or is it a message suggesting more land, more thousands for yourself?

Does it bring a message of generosity, or of meanness; of broader manhood, or of more selfish exclusiveness; of larger aims, or of lower ideals? The character of the answer to these questions measures the worth of your career.

If your success does not mean opening wider the door of opportunity to those about you; if it does not mean encouragement, inspiration and helpfulness to those who are struggling to get up in the world; if it does not mean a wider outlook upon life, a truer measure of real values, you have missed the higher meaning of life and have failed to catch the keynote of the great harmony of the universe.

What if you have gathered money, if you have starved the mind; what if you have broad acres, if you have a narrow intellect; what are houses, stocks and bonds to a man too small, mean and narrow to use them wisely? What if you have reached the top of the ladder yourself, if you have crowded others off and kicked the ladder down after your own ascent! Is this success—to keep others back?

No man climbs the ladder successfully who does not grasp firmly and helpfully the hands of others who are crippled and handicapped in their climbing. When riches beget greed, they become perfectly useless. The man who possesses them creates animosity among his fellow beings while his own life is a burden.

The man who mounts the ladder alone without trying to help others, lacks the warmth of human sympathy, the touch of helpfulness, the quality of humanity.—O. S. Marden, in July Success.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TEST THE GLASSES.

We fit lenses to your eyes. We see that the glasses are right for you. It's important, though, that you should test the glasses occasionally to see that your eyes haven't changed. We'll assist you in having eye comfort and head comfort by seeing that your lenses are always right.

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LEADING JEWELER AND OPTICIAN : :

BEDFORD, PA.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents. nov22'01y1

International S. S. Lesson for June 29.

REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.

GOLDEN TEXT—"A Light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel." Luke 2:32.

The birth of Jesus Christ was in this way: His mother, Mary, was engaged to be married to Joseph, but before the marriage took place, she was found to be with child—by the power of the Holy Spirit. Her intended husband, Joseph, was a good man, and being unwilling to make an example of her, wished to break off the engagement privately.

An angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, "Joseph, son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary for your wife, for her unborn Child has been conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit. She will give birth to a Son; and you shall give Him the name Jesus, for it is He Who will save His people from their sins."

All this happened in fulfilment of these words of the Lord by the prophet, "Behold! the virgin shall be with Child and give birth to a Son and they will give Him the name 'Immanuel,' a word which means 'God is with us.'"

The angel Gabriel had said to Mary, "The Child will become great and be called the 'Son of the Most High,' and the Lord God will give Him the throne of His ancestor David, and He will be King over the descendants of Jacob for ever. To His kingdom there will be no end."

Joseph made Mary his wife, as the angel of the Lord had directed him, but did not live with her as her husband until after the birth of her Son, to Whom he gave the name Jesus.

When Jesus was about thirty years old He began to make this proclamation: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is close at hand." He went round the whole of Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, proclaiming the Good News of the kingdom and curing every kind of disease and illness among the people; and His fame extended through all Syria.

Wherever He came, to villages, or towns, or farms, they would lay their sick in the streets and would beg Him just to let them touch but the tassel of His cloak, and all who touched Him were made well.

Jesus said to His apostles, "Listen! We are going up to Jerusalem; and there everything that is written in the prophets will be done to the Son of man. For He will be handed over to the heathen and mocked and insulted and spat upon; they will flog Him, and then put Him to death; and He will rise up again on the third day."

"Do not any of you be disheartened. Believe in God and believe in me, too. In my Father's house are many rooms. If it had not been so, I would have told you; I am going to prepare a place for you And if I do go and prepare it, I shall return, and will take you to be with me, so that you may be where I am; and you know the way to the place where I am going... I myself am the way, the truth and the life; no one ever comes to the Father except through me."

So the mob took Jesus, and He went out, carrying the cross for Himself, to the place that is called, after a scull, "Golgotha" in Hebrew. There they crucified Him, between two malefactors. Pilate had a notice, too, written in Hebrew, in Latin and in Greek and put up over the cross: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

When Jesus was dead, in the evening, there came a rich man named Joseph and asked Pilate for the body of Jesus; upon which Pilate ordered it to be given him. So Joseph and Nicodemus took the body of Jesus and buried it in a newly made tomb cut in the rock; and a great stone was rolled against the entrance.

On the third day, which was the first day of the week, very early in the morning, an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and rolled away the stone and sat upon it. And He said to the women who had come to the grave: 'Do not you be afraid. I know that it is Jesus, Who was crucified, Whom you are looking for. He is not here; for He has risen from the grave as He said He would. Come and see the place where He was lying; and then go quickly and say to His disciples, 'He has risen from the dead, and is going before you to Galilee, and there you will see Him.'"

After this Jesus led His disciples out nearly as far as to Bethany and there raised His hands and blessed them; and He was caught up before their very eyes and a cloud received Him and hid Him from their sight. They were still gazing into the sky, as He was going, when they suddenly found two men in white standing by them, who said, "Why are you Galileans standing here with your eyes fixed on the sky? This very Jesus, Who has been taken from you into the sky, will come in just the same way as you have seen Him going there." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Read It In His Newspaper.

George Schaub, a well known German citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a constant reader of the *Dayton Volkszeitung*. He knows that this paper aims to advertise only the best in its columns, and when he saw Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised therein for lame back, he did not hesitate in buying a bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most terrible pains in her back and could get no relief. He says: "After using the Pain Balm for a few days my wife said to me, 'I feel as though born anew,' and before using the entire contents of bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and she could again take up her household duties." He is very thankful and hopes that all suffering likewise will hear of her wonderful recovery. This valuable liniment is for sale by all druggists.

REV. G. W. AUGHINBAUGH, D. D.

Brief Sketch of the Life and Labors of This Eminent Educator.

From the Reformed Church Messenger we glean the following sketch of the life of Rev. Dr. George W. Aughinbaugh:

He was born in Chambersburg, February 12, 1819. His father's name was John and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth McCullough. His grandparents on his father's side were from Germany. On his mother's side they were Scotch-Irish. He entered the freshman class in Marshall college in the spring of 1841 and graduated in the fall of 1844. L B. Kennedy, president of the Cumberland Valley railroad, was salutatorian of the class and Mr. Aughinbaugh valedictorian. He entered the seminary in the fall of 1844 and graduated in the fall of 1846 At that time mid-summer and mid-winter were devoted to study, vacation falling in spring and fall. In September of '46 he was licensed by the synod at Carlisle and on November 19 of the same year he was ordained by Maryland classis and installed pastor of th Emmittsburg charge. Rev Dr. Moses Kieffer, Rev. R. Douglass and Rev W. F. Colliflower were the committee. The members of this committee have all passed away. So have all of Dr. Aughinbaugh's classmates, with the exception of Mr. Kennedy. He resigned the Emmittsburg charge in '56, and removed to Bedford, Pa. In the fall of '59 he accepted a call to Edinburg, Shenandoah county, Va. Here it was necessary for him, in order to support himself, also to engage in teaching, which he did by opening a school for young ladies at Orkney Springs. On account of the opening of the civil war he left Virginia in the spring of '61. His next and last pastoral work was at Riegelsville, Pa., where he had two pastorates—first, from January, '62, to July, '64, and the second from the fall of '65 to April, '73. The interval between the two pastorates was spent at Tiffin, O., as president of Heidelberg college. On account of the illness of himself, his wife and all of his children, he was compelled to resign before the expiration of the first year. The board of trustees requested him to withdraw his resignation and offered to give him a leave of absence, with full salary, until his health should recover. This he declined, however, to do. Later on he returned to Riegelsville, where, during his second pastorate, the congregation purchased a parsonage and also sold their interest in the union church to the Lutherans and built a house of worship of their own. In the winter of '72 he received a call to the presidency of Palatinate college. The call having come unsolicited, he referred the matter to classis, which body favored his acceptance of the newly offered position. He took charge of Palatinate college at the opening of the spring term in 1873. Under his management the college prospered, notwithstanding the financial distress. During his administration the west wing to the college was erected. He resigned the presidency of Palatinate college in 1881. In 1884, after seriously considering the matter, he decided to undertake the work of reviving Mercersburg college. He was in charge of that institution at Mercersburg until 1893, during which time he did good and faithful work and saved Mercersburg as an educational institution to the Reformed church. Besides the educational work spoken of above, Dr. Aughinbaugh also taught in the preparatory department of Marshall college. While pastor at Emmittsburg he organized a classical school. He also for several years taught a classical school in the town of Bedford, Pa. At Emmittsburg E. E. Higbee, a young man recently graduated from the University of Vermont, and a brother of Dr. Aughinbaugh's first wife, was his assistant and was baptized and confirmed by Dr. Aughinbaugh and later took his theological course at Mercersburg. Rev. Dr. S. Z. Beam, whose son has just gone to China as a medical missionary, was confirmed by Dr. Aughinbaugh and received from him also his first lessons in Latin. Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, parents of the present president of Mercersburg academy, were students of Dr. Aughinbaugh at Bedford, Pa. Mrs. Schneder, the wife of Rev. Dr. B. Schneder, of Sendai, Japan, was a Mercersburg student under the doctor's administration.

Happy Time in Old Town.

"We felt very happy," writes R. N. Bevill, Old Town, Va., "when Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured our daughter of a bad case of scald head." It delights all who use it for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Boils, Ulcers, Eruptions. Infallible for Piles Only 25c at J. R. Irvine & Co's drug store.

Did you say you were in need of a Set of Harness and a Buggy? Ask Brice Hardware Company about it.

Ask about Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint. Better than others.

Brice Hardware Company.

Kindly Take Notice that Ely's Liquid Cream Balm is of great benefit to those sufferers from nasal catarrh who cannot inhale freely through the nose, but must treat themselves by spraying. Liquid Cream Balm differs in form, but not medicinally from the Cream Balm that has stood for years at the head of remedies for catarrh. It may be used in any nasal atomizer. The price, including a spraying tube, is 75 cts. Sold by druggists and mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Mid-Summer Carnival and Trades' Display

Under the Auspices of Cumberland Lodge No. 63, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

TO BE HELD IN

CUMBERLAND

July 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

THE FAMOUS

Bostock-Ferari Carnival Combination

WITH ITS

Trained Animals, German Village, Fair Japan, Ferris Wheel, Beautiful Orient,

Chiquita, the Living Doll, Barnyard Circus, Crystal Maze, Original Biograph, Cingalese Village

and a myriad of other novelties will be the grandest feature.

Bear in Mind the Date. Come for the Week.

EXCURSION TRAINS On all railroads entering Cumberland. For further particulars address all communications to R. W. McMICHAEL, Chairman.

In many instances attacks of cholera morbus terminate fatally before medicine can be procured or a physician summoned. The safe way is to keep at hand a reliable medicine for use in such cases. For this purpose there is nothing so sure as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. W. E. Bosworth, of LaFayette, Ala., says: "In June, 1900, I had a serious attack of cholera morbus and one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy gave me relief in fifteen minutes." For sale by all druggists.

—THE—

First National Bank,

BEDFORD, PA.

Capital	$100,000
United States bonds	$100,000
Liability of Shareholders	100,000
Surplus and undivided profits	20,000
Security to depositors more than	500,000

Three per cent. interest paid on time deposits.

The accounts of Corporations, Firms, and Individuals received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safe and conservative banking.

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The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequaled newspaper and THE GAZETTE together one year for $2.20.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50.

Executrix's Notice.

[Estate of Dr. H. Howard Hill, late of Everett borough, deceased.]

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to

E. F. KERR, Attorney. MARY J. HILL, Executrix, Everett, Pa.

june6

Administrators' Notice.

[ESTATE OF WILLIAM F. WOY, LATE OF EAST PROVIDENCE TOWNSHIP, DECEASED.]

Letters of administration having been granted the undersigned upon the estate of William F. Woy, late of East Providence township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement.

JOHN W. WOY, Everett,
HENRY RINARD, Breezewood,
Administrators.

R. C HADERMAN, Attorney. june6

Administrator's Notice.

[ESTATE OF WILLIAM T. REISWICK, LATE OF JUNIATA TOWNSHIP, DECEASED.]

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of said decedent have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them without delay to

ALBERT B. MOREHEAD,
ROBERT C. MCNAMARA, Administrator,
Attorney. Belden, Pa.
may30

BLACK ROCK

By RALPH CONNOR

SYNOPSES OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—The author as one of the characters of the story passes Christmas Eve in the lumber camp of his former college chum, Graeme. The men assemble at a Christmas dinner. Craig, the Black Rock minister, is a guest. Craig tells the story of the manger and the mission of Jesus to save from sin. He then invites the men, who are all black sheep, to a dinner and entertainment next day at the church. Connor goes with Craig to his shack for the night. II.—Craig and Connor plan to keep the workingmen away from Slavin's saloon during the holiday. Connor runs a Punch and Judy show. Sandy, a Scotchman who mixes whisky and religion, wins a horse race and is beset with admirers of wild habits. III.—Sandy gets a taste of liquor and loses his money at Slavin's saloon. Battle between Slavin and Sandy. Graeme punishes Slavin and is struck down by a blow from one of Slavin's backers. The crowd gathers at the church. Mrs. Mavor, the camp "angel," sings hymns. Craig exhorts the men to unite in their fight against sin. IV.—Mrs. Mavor is a widow. Her husband had been born to wealth and sent to the mines to reform his dissipated habits. The first babe made a new man of him. His death was due to the carelessness of a drunken miner. V.—Craig and Mrs. Mavor, with the support of a few reformed men, start a total abstinence league. VI.—Craig wants a church communion at Black Rock. VII.—At the first communion there were thirty-eight names on the roll. Abe, "the driver," and the most profane man in camp, is a convert won by Mrs. Mavor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BREAKING OF THE LEAGUE.

THERE is no doubt in my mind that nature designed me for a great painter. A railway director interfered with that design of nature, as he has with many another of hers, and by the transmission of an order for mountain pieces by the dozen, together with a check so large that I feared there was some mistake, he determined me to be an illustrator and designer for railway and like publications. I do not like these people ordering "by the dozen." Why should they not consider an artist's finer feelings? Perhaps they cannot understand them, but they understand my pictures, and I understand their checks, and there we are quits. But so it came that I remained in Black Rock long enough to witness the breaking of the league.

Looking back upon the events of that night from the midst of gentle and decent surroundings, they now seem strangely unreal, but to me then they appeared only natural.

It was the Good Friday ball that wrecked the league, for the fact that the promoters of the ball determined that it should be a ball rather than a dance was taken by the league men as a concession to the new public opinion in favor of respectability created by the league. And when the manager's patronage had been secured—they failed to get Mrs. Mavor's—and it was further announced that, though held in the Black Rock hotel ballroom—indeed there was no other place—refreshments suited to the peculiar tastes of league men would be provided, it was felt to be almost a necessity that the league should approve, should indeed welcome, this concession to the public opinion in favor of respectability created by the league.

There were extreme men on both sides, of course. "Idaho Jack," professional gambler, for instance, frankly considered that the whole town was going to unmentionable depths of propriety. The organization of the league was regarded by him and by many others as a sad retrograde toward the bondage of the ancient and dying east, and that he could not get drunk when and where he pleased "Idaho," as he was called, regarded as a personal grievance.

But Idaho was never enamored of the social ways of Black Rock. He was shocked and disgusted when he discovered that a "gun" was decreed by British law to be an unnecessary adornment of a card table. The manner of his discovery must have been interesting to behold.

It is said that Idaho was industriously pursuing his avocation in Slavin's, with his gun lying upon the card table convenient to his hand, when in walked Policeman Jackson, her majesty's sole representative in the Black Rock district. Jackson—"Stonewall Jackson," or "Stonewall," as he was called for obvious reasons—after watching the game for a few moments gently tapped the pistol and asked what he used this for.

"I'll show you in two holy minutes if you don't light out," said Idaho, hardly looking up, but very angrily, for the luck was against him. But Jackson tapped upon the table and said sweetly:

"You're a stranger here. You ought to get a guidebook and post yourself. Now, the boys know I don't interfere with an innocent little game, but there is a regulation against playing it with guns; so," he added, even more sweetly, but fastening Idaho with a look from his steel gray eyes, "I'll just take charge of this," picking up the revolver. "It might go off."

Idaho's rage, great as it was, was quite swallowed up in his amazed disgust at the state of society that would permit such an outrage upon personal liberty. He was quite unable to play any more that evening, and it took several drinks all round to restore him to articulate speech. The rest of the night was spent in retailing for his instruction stories of the ways of Stonewall Jackson.

Idaho bought a new gun, but he wore it "in his clothes" and used it chiefly in the pastime of shooting out the lights or in picking off the heels from the boys' boots while a stag dance was in progress in Slavin's. But in Stonewall's presence Idaho was a most correct citizen. Stonewall he could understand and appreciate. He was 6 feet 3 and had an eye of unpleasant penetration. But this new feeling in the community for respectability he could neither understand nor endure. The league became the object of his indignant aversion and the league men of his contempt. He had many sympathizers, and frequent were the assaults upon the newly born sobriety of Billy Breen and others of the league, but Geordie's watchful care and Mrs. Mavor's steady influence, together with the loyal cooperation of the league men, kept Billy safe so far. Nixon, too, was a marked man. It may be that he carried himself with unnecessary jauntiness toward Slavin and Idaho, saluting the former with, "Awful dry weather, eh, Slavin?" and the latter with, "Hello, old sport! How's times?" causing them to swear deeply and, as it turned out, to do more than swear.

But, on the whole, the antileague men were in favor of a respectable ball, and most of the league men determined to show their appreciation of the concession of the committee to the principles of the league in the important matter of refreshments by attending in force.

Nixon would not go. However jauntily he might talk, he could not trust himself, as he said, where whisky was flowing, for it got into his nose "like a fishhook into a salmon." He was from Nova Scotia. For like reason Vernon Winton, the young Oxford fellow, would not go. When they chaffed, his lips grew a little thinner and the color deepened in his handsome face, but he went on his way. Geordie despised the "pale hypothick" as a "daft ploy," and the spending of $5 upon a ticket he considered a "sinful waste o' guid siller," and he warned Billy against "countenancin' ony sic redeeklus nonsense."

But no one expected Billy to go, although in the last two months he had done wonders for his personal appearance and for his position in the social scale as well. They all knew what a fight he was making and esteemed him accordingly. How well I remember the pleased pride in his face when he told me in the afternoon of the committee's urgent request that he should join the orchestra with his cello! It was not simply that his cello was his joy and pride, but he felt it to be a recognition of his return to respectability.

I have often wondered how things combine at times to a man's destruction.

Had Mr. Craig not been away at the Landing that week, had Geordie not been on the night shift, had Mrs. Mavor not been so occupied with the care of her sick child, it may be Billy might have been saved his fall.

The anticipation of the ball stirred Black Rock and the camps with a thrill of expectant delight. Nowadays when I find myself forced to leave my quiet smoke in my studio after dinner at the call of some social engagement which I have failed to elude I groan at my hard lot, and I wonder as I look back and remember the pleasurable anticipation with which I viewed the approaching ball. But I do not wonder now any more than I did then at the eager delight of the men who for seven days in the week swung their picks up in the dark breasts of the mines or who chopped and sawed among the solitary silences of the great forests. Any break in the long and weary monotony was welcome. What mattered the cost or consequence? To the rudest and least cultured of them the sameness of the life must have been hard to bear, but what it was to men who had seen life in its most cultured and attractive forms I fail to imagine. From the mine, black and foul, to the shack, bare, cheerless and sometimes hideously repulsive, life swung in heart grinding monotony till the longing for a "big drink" or some other "big break" became too great to bear.

It was well on toward evening when Sandy's four horse team, with a load of men from the woods, came swinging round the curves of the mountain road and down the street. A gay crowd they were with their bright, brown faces and hearty voices, and in ten minutes the whole street seemed alive with lumbermen—they had a faculty of spreading themselves so. After night fell the miners came down "done up slick," for this was a great occasion, and they must be up to it. The manager appeared in evening dress, but this was voted "too giddy" by the majority.

As Graeme and I passed up to the Black Rock hotel, in the large storeroom of which the ball was to be held, we met old man Nelson, looking very grave.

"Going, Nelson, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "I'll drop in, though I don't like the looks of things much."

"What's the matter, Nelson?" asked Graeme cheerily. "There's no funeral on."

"Perhaps not," replied Nelson, "but I wish Mr. Craig were at home." And then he added, "There's Idaho and Slavin together, and you may bet the devil isn't far off."

But Graeme laughed at his suspicion, and we passed on. The orchestra was tuning up. There were two violins, a concertina and the cello. Billy Breen was lovingly fingering his instrument, now and then indulging himself in a little snatch of some air that came to him out of his happier past. He looked perfectly delighted, and as I paused to listen he gave me a proud glance out of his deep, little, blue eyes and went on playing softly to himself. Presently Shaw came along.

"That's good, Billy," he called out. "You've got the trick yet, I see."

But Billy only nodded and went on playing.

"Where's Nixon?" I asked.

"Gone to bed," said Shaw, "and I am glad of it. He finds that the safest place on pay day afternoon. The boys don't bother him there."

The dancing room was lined on two sides with beer barrels and whisky kegs. At one end the orchestra sat; at the other was a table with refreshments, where the soft drinks might be had. Those who wanted anything else might pass through a short passage into the bar just behind.

This was evidently a superior kind of ball, for the men kept on their coats and went through the various figures with faces of unnatural solemnity, but the strain upon their feelings was quite apparent, and it became a question how long it could be maintained. As the trips through the passageway became more frequent the dancing grew in vigor and hilarity until by the time supper was announced the stiffness and sufficiently vanished to give no further anxiety to the committee.

But the committee had other cause for concern, inasmuch as after supper certain of the miners appeared with their coats off and proceeded to "knock the knots out of the floor" in breakdown dances of extraordinary energy. These, however, were beguiled into the barroom and "filled up" for safety, for the committee were determined that the respectability of the ball should be preserved to the end. Their reputation was at stake not in Black Rock only, but at the Landing as well, from which most of the ladies had come, and to be shamed in the presence of the Landing people could not be borne. Their difficulties seemed to be increasing, for at this point something seemed to go wrong with the orchestra. The cello appeared to be wandering aimlessly up and down the scale, occasionally picking up with the tune with animation and then dropping it. As Billy saw me approaching he drew himself up with great solemnity, gravely winked at me and said:

"Slipped a cog, Misther Connor! Mosh bunfortunate! Beauchiful instrument, but shlips a cog. Mosh bunfortunate!"

And he wagged his little head sagely, playing all the while for dear life, now second and now lead.

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Mrs. Sarah Weimer, widow of the late Jacob Weimer, the wagon maker of Union Deposit, who spent thirty-one years of her life in that corporation, but is now living with relatives at the corner of North Sixth and Peffer streets, Harrisburg, Pa., says: "From a fall I received on a wet boardwalk in my yard about sixteen years ago, when I injured my back, I had any amount of trouble with my kidneys, having severe backache very near all the time. It hurt me to stoop or lift anything of ordinary weight. Many times at night I could not turn in bed on account of sharp pains. Medicine did very little to relieve, and I had about given up taking any when I saw such glowing accounts of Doan's Kidney Pills. I concluded to try just once again, and I got a box of them at Forney & Knouse's drug store, on Market street. They did me a wonderful amount of good and relieved my aching back."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Poor Billy! I pitied him, but I thought chiefly of the beautiful, eager face that leaned toward him the night the league was made and of the bright voice that said, "You'll sign with me, Billy?" and it seemed to me a cruel deed to make him lose his grip of life and hope, for this is what the pledge meant to him.

While I was trying to get Billy away to some safe place I heard a great shouting in the direction of the bar, followed by trampling and scuffling of feet in the passageway. Suddenly a man burst through, crying:

"Let me go! Stand back! I know what I'm about!"

It was Nixon, dressed in his best—black clothes, blue shirt, red tie, looking handsome enough, but half drunk and wildly excited. The "Highland Fling" competition was on at the moment, and Angus Campbell, Lachlan's brother, was representing the lumber camps in the contest. Nixon looked on approvingly for a few moments. Then, with a quick movement, he seized the little highlander, swung him in his powerful arms clean off the floor and deposited him gently upon a beer barrel. Then he stepped into the center of the room, bowed to the judges and began a sailor's hornpipe.

The committee were perplexed, but after deliberation they decided to humor the new competitor, especially as they knew that Nixon with whisky in him was unpleasant to cross.

Lightly and gracefully he went through his steps, the men crowding in from the bar to admire, for Nixon was famed for his hornpipe. But when after the hornpipe he proceeded to execute a clog dance, garnished with acrobatic feats, the committee interfered. There were cries of "Put him out!" and "Let him alone! Go on, Nixon!" And Nixon hurled back into the crowd two of the committee who had laid remonstrating hands upon him, and, standing in the open center, cried out scornfully:

"Put me out! Put me out! Certainly! Help yourselves! Don't mind me!" Then, grinding his teeth so that I heard them across the room, he added, with savage deliberation, "If any man lays a finger on me, I'll—I'll eat his liver cold."

He stood for a few moments glaring round upon the company and then strode toward the bar, followed by the crowd, wildly yelling. The ball was forthwith broken up. I looked around for Billy, but he was nowhere to be seen. Graeme touched my arm.

"There's going to be something of a time, so just keep your eyes skinned," he said.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Do? Keep myself beautifully out of trouble," he replied.

In a few moments the crowd came surging back, headed by Nixon, who was waving a whisky bottle over his head and yelling as one possessed.

"Hello!" exclaimed Graeme softly. "I begin to see. Look there!"

"What's up?" I asked.

"You see Idaho and Slavin and their pets," he replied. "They've got poor Nixon in tow. Idaho is rather nasty," he added, "but I think I'll take a hand in this game. I've seen some of Idaho's work before."

The scene was one quite strange to me and was wild beyond description. A hundred men filled the room. Bottles were passed from hand to hand, and men drank their fill. Behind the refreshment tables stood the hotel man and his barkeeper, with their coats off and sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, passing out bottles and drawing beer and whisky from two kegs hoisted up for that purpose. Nixon was in his glory. It was his night. Every man was to get drunk at his expense, he proclaimed, flinging down bills upon the table. Near him were some league men he was treating liberally, and never far away were Idaho and Slavin passing bottles, but evidently drinking little.

I followed Graeme, not feeling too comfortable, for this sort of thing was new to me, but admiring the cool assurance with which he made his way through the crowd that swayed and yelled and swore and laughed in a most disconcerting manner.

"Hello!" shouted Nixon as he caught sight of Graeme. "Here you are!" passing him a bottle. "You're a knocker, a double handed front door knocker. You polished off old whisky soak here, old demijohn," pointing to Slavin, "and I'll lay five to one we can lick any blankety blank thieves in the crowd." And he held up a roll of bills.

But Graeme proposed that he should give the hornpipe again, and the floor was cleared at once, for Nixon's hornpipe was very popular and tonight, of course, was in high favor. In the midst of his dance Nixon stopped short; his arms dropped to his sides; his face had a look of fear, of horror.

There, before him, in his riding cloak and boots, with his whip in his hand as he had come from his ride, stood Mr. Craig. His face was pallid, and his dark eyes were blazing with fierce light. As Nixon stopped, Craig stepped forward to him, and, sweeping his eyes round upon the circle, he said in tones intense with scorn:

"You cowards! You get a man where he's weak! Cowards! You'd damn his soul for his money!"

There was a dead silence, and Craig, lifting his hat, said solemnly:

"May God forgive you this night's work!"

Then, turning to Nixon and throwing his arm over his shoulder, he said in a voice broken and husky:

"Come on, Nixon! We'll go!"

Idaho made a motion as if to stop him, but Graeme stepped quickly forward and said sharply, "Make way there, can't you?" and the crowd fell back, and we four passed through, Nixon walking as in a dream, with Craig's arm about him. Down the street we went in silence and on to Craig's shack, where we found old man Nelson, with the fire blazing and strong coffee steaming on the stove. It was he that had told Craig, on his arrival from the Landing, of Nixon's fall.

There was nothing of reproach, but only gentlest pity, in tone and touch as Craig placed the half drunk, dazed man in his easy chair, took off his boots, brought him his own slippers and gave him coffee. Then, as his stupor began to overcome him, Craig put him in his own bed and came forth with a face written over with grief.

"Don't mind, old chap," said Graeme kindly.

But Craig looked at him without a word and, throwing himself into a chair, put his face in his hands. As we sat there in silence the door was suddenly pushed open, and in walked Abe Baker, with the words, "Where is Nixon?" and we told him where he was. We were still talking when again a tap came to the door, and Shaw came in looking much disturbed.

"Did you hear about Nixon?" he asked. We told him what we knew.

"But did you hear how they got him?" he asked excitedly.

As he told us the tale the men stood listening, with faces growing hard.

It appeared that after the making of the league the Black Rock hotel man had bet Idaho a hundred to fifty that Nixon could not be got to drink before Easter. All Idaho's schemes had failed, and now he had only three days in which to win his money, and the ball was his last chance. Here, again, he was balked, for Nixon, resisting all entreaties, barred his shack door and went to bed before nightfall, according to his invariable custom on pay days. At midnight some of Idaho's men came buttering at the door for admission, which Nixon reluctantly granted. For half an hour they used every art of persuasion to induce him to go down to the ball, the glorious success of which was gloomingly depicted, but Nixon remained immovable, and they took their departure, baffled and cursing. In two hours they returned drunk enough to be dangerous, kicked at the door in vain, finally gained entrance through the window, hauled Nixon out of bed and, holding a glass of whisky to his lips, bid him drink, but he knocked the glass away, spilling the liquor over himself and the bed.

It was drink or fight, and Nixon was ready to fight, but after a parley they had a drink all round and fell to persuasion again. The night was cold, and poor Nixon sat shivering on the edge of his bed. If he would take one drink, they would leave him alone. He need not show himself so stiff. The whisky fumes filled his nostrils. If one drink would get them off, surely that was better than fighting and killing some one or getting killed. He hesitated, yielded, drank his glass. They sat about him amiably drinking and lauding him as a fine fellow after all. One more glass before they left; then Nixon rose, dressed himself, drank all that was left of the bottle, put his money in his pocket and came down to the dance wild with his old time madness, reckless of faith and pledge, forgetful of home, wife, babies, his whole being absorbed in one great passion—to drink and drink and drink till he could drink no more.

Before Shaw had finished his tale Craig's eyes were streaming with tears, and groans of rage and pity broke alternately from him.

Abe remained speechless for a time, not trusting himself, but as he heard Craig groan, "Oh, the beasts, the fiends!" he seemed encouraged to let himself loose, and he began swearing with the coolest and most bloodcurdling deliberation.

Craig listened with evident approval, apparently finding complete satisfaction in Abe's performance, when suddenly he seemed to waken up, caught Abe by the arm and said in a horror stricken voice:

"Stop! Stop! God forgive us! We must not swear like this."

Abe stopped at once and in a surprised and slightly grieved voice said:

"Why, what's the matter with that? Ain't that what you wanted?"

"Yes, yes. God forgive me! I am afraid it was," he answered hurriedly, "but I must not."

"Oh, don't you worry!" went on Abe cheerfully. "I'll look after that part. And anyway ain't they the blankest blankety blank"— going off again into a roll of curses till Craig, in an agony of entreaty, succeeded in arresting the flow of profanity possible to no one but a mountain stage driver. Abe paused, looking hurt, and asked if they did not deserve everything he was calling down upon them.

"Yes, yes," urged Craig, "but that is not our business."

"Well, so I reckoned," replied Abe, recognizing the limitations of the cloth. 'You ain't used to it, and you can't be expected to do it, but it just makes me feel good—let out of school like—to properly do 'em up, the blank, blank"—And off he went again. It was only under the pressure of Mr. Craig's prayers and commands that he finally agreed to "hold in, though it's tough."

"What's to be done?" asked Shaw.

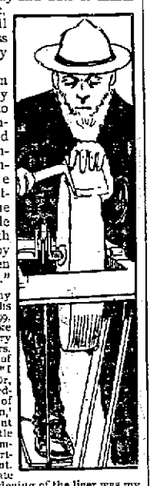
"Nothing," answered Craig bitterly.

He was exhausted with his long ride from the Landing and broken with bitter disappointment over the ruin of all that he had labored so long to accomplish.

"Nonsense!" said Graeme. "There's a good deal to do."

It was agreed that Craig should remain with Nixon, while the others of us should gather up what fragments we could find of the broken league. We had just opened the door when we met a man striding up at a great pace. It was Geordie Crawford.

THE AX of toughest steel becomes dulled by constant use and must have a new edge if it is to do good work. Constant work dulls a man as it does an ax, makes him sluggish of body and dull of mind. He needs a tonic, something that will restore the keenness of mind and activity of body.



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The Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia.

By this mark you know them

"Hae ye seen the lad?" was his salutation.

No one replied, so I told Geordie of my last sight of Billy in the orchestra.

"An' did ye no' gang after him?" he asked in indignant surprise, adding, with some contempt, "Mon, but ye're a feckless buddie!"

"Billy gone, too?" said Shaw. "They might have let Billy alone.

Poor Craig stood in dumb agony. Billy's fall seemed more than he could bear. We went out, leaving him heartbroken amid the ruins of his league.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEAGUE'S REVENGE.

AS we stood outside of Craig's shack in the dim starlight we could not hide from ourselves that we were beaten. It was not so much grief as a blind fury that filled my heart, and, looking at the faces of the men about me, I read the same feeling there. But what could we do? The yells of carousing miners down at Slavin's told us that nothing could be done with them that night. To be so utterly beaten and unfairly and with no chance of revenge was maddening.

"I'd like to get back at 'em," said Abe, carefully repressing himself.

"I've got it, men," said Graeme suddenly. "This town does not require all the whisky there is in it." And he unfolded his plan. It was to gain possession of Slavin's saloon and the bar of the Black Rock hotel and clear out all the liquor to be found in both those places. I did not much like the idea, but Geordie said: "I'm gu'en after the lad. I'll hae nuethin' tae dae wi' yon. It's no that easy, an' it's a sinfu' waste."

But Abe was wild to try it, and Shaw was quite willing, while old Nelson sternly approved.

"Nelson, you and Shaw get a couple of our men and attend to the saloon. Slavin and the whole gang are up at the Black Rock, so you won't have much trouble, but come to us as soon as you can."

And so we went our ways.

Then followed a scene the like of which I can never hope to see again, and it was worth a man's seeing, but there were times that night when I wished I had not agreed to follow Graeme in his plot.

As we went up to the hotel I asked Graeme:

"What about the law of this?"

"Law!" he replied indignantly. "They haven't troubled much about law in the whisky business here. They get a keg of high wines and some drugs and begin operations. No," he went on; "if we can get the crowd out and ourselves in we'll make them break the law in getting us out. The law won't trouble us over smuggled whisky. It will be a great lark, and they won't crow too loud over the league."

I did not like the undertaking at first, but as I thought of the whole wretched illegal business flourishing upon the weakness of the men in the mines and camps, whom I had learned to regard as brothers, and especially as I thought of the cowards that did for Nixon, I let my scruples go and determined, with Abe, to "get back at 'em."

We had no difficulty getting them out. Abe began to yell. Some men rushed out to learn the cause. He seized the foremost man, making a hideous uproar all the while, and in three minutes had every man out of the hotel and a lively row going on.

In two minutes more Graeme and I had the door of the ballroom locked and barricaded with empty casks. We then closed the door of the barroom leading to the outside. The barroom was a strongly built log shack, with a heavy door secured, after the manner of the early cabins, with two strong oak bars, so that we felt safe from attack from that quarter.

The ballroom we could not hold long, for the door was slight and entrance was possible through the window. But as only a few casks of liquor were left there our main work would be in the bar, so that the fight would be to hold the passageway. This we barricaded with casks and tables. But by this time the crowd had begun to realize what had happened and were wildly yelling at door and windows. With an ax which Graeme had brought with him the casks were soon stove in and left to empty themselves.

As I was about to empty the last cask Graeme stopped me, saying: "Let that stand here. It will help us." And so it did. "Now skip for the barricade!" yelled Graeme as a man came crashing through the window. But before he could regain his feet Graeme had seized him and flung him out upon the heads of the crowd outside. But through the other windows men were coming in, and Graeme rushed for the barricade, followed by two of the enemy, the foremost of whom I received at the top and hurled back upon the others.

"Now be quick!" said Graeme. "I'll hold this. Don't break any bottles on the floor. Throw them out there," pointing to a little window high up in the wall.

I made all haste. The casks did not take much time, and soon the whisky and beer were flowing over the floor. It made me think of Geordie's regret over the "sinfu' waste." The bottles took longer, and, glancing up now and then, I saw that Graeme was being hard pressed. Men would leap, two and three at a time, upon the barricade, and Graeme's arms would shoot out, and over they would topple upon the heads of those nearest. It was a great sight to see him standing alone, with a smile on his face and the light of battle in his eye, coolly meeting his assailants with those terrific, lightning-like blows. In fifteen minutes my work was done.

"What next?" I asked. "How do we get out?"

"How is the door?" he replied.

I looked through the porthole and said:

"A crowd of men waiting."

"We'll have to make a dash for it, I fancy," he replied cheerfully, though his face was covered with blood and his breath was coming in short gasps.

"Get down the bars and be ready."

But even as he spoke a chair hurled from below caught him on the arm, and before he could recover a man had cleared the barricade and was upon him like a tiger. It was Idaho Jack.

"Hold the barricade!" Graeme called out as they both went down.

I sprang to his place, but I had not much hope of holding it long. I had the heavy oak bar of the door in my hands, and, swinging it round my head, I made the crowd give back for a few moments.

Meantime Graeme had shaken off his enemy, who was circling about him upon his tiptoes, with a long knife in his hand, waiting for a chance to spring.

"I have been waiting for this for some time, Mr. Graeme," he said, smiling.

"Yes," replied Graeme, "ever since I spoiled your cutthroat game in Frisco. How is the little one?" he added sarcastically.

Idaho's face lost its smile and became distorted with fury as he replied, spitting out his words:

"She—is—where you will be before I am done with you."

"Ah, you murdered her too! You'll hang some beautiful day, Idaho," said Graeme as Idaho sprung upon him.

Graeme dodged his blow and caught his forearm with his left hand and held up high the murderous knife. Back and forward they swayed over the floor, slippery with whisky, the knife held high in the air. I wondered why Graeme did not strike, and then I saw his right hand hung limp from the wrist. The men were crowding upon the barricade. I was in despair. Graeme's strength was going fast. With a yell of exultant fury Idaho threw himself with all his weight upon Graeme, who could only cling to him. They swayed together toward me, but as they fell I brought down my bar upon the upraised hand and sent the knife flying across the room. Idaho's howl of rage and pain was mingled with a shout from below, and there, dashing the crowd to right and left, came old Nelson, followed by Abe, Sandy, Baptiste, Shaw and others. As they reached the barricade it crashed down and, carrying me with it, pinned me fast.

Looking out between the barrels, I saw what froze my heart with horror. In the fall Graeme had wound his arms about his enemy and held him in a grip so deadly that he could not strike, but Graeme's strength was failing, and when I looked I saw that Idaho was slowly dragging both across the slippery floor to where the knife lay. Nearer and nearer his outstretched fingers came to the knife. In vain I yelled and struggled. My voice was lost in the awful din, and the barricade held me fast. Above me, standing on a barrel head, was Baptiste, yelling like a demon. In vain I called to him. My fingers could just reach his foot, and he heeded not at all my touch. Slowly Idaho was dragging his almost unconscious victim toward the knife. His fingers were touching the blade point when, under a sudden inspiration, I pulled out my penknife, opened it with my teeth and drove the blade into Baptiste's foot. With a bloodcurdling yell he sprang down and began dancing round in his rage, peering among the barrels.

"Look! Look!" I was calling in agony and pointing. "For heaven's sake, look, Baptiste!"

The fingers had closed upon the knife, the knife was already high in the air, when, with a shriek, Baptiste cleared the room at a bound, and before the knife could fall the little Frenchman's boot had caught the uplifted wrist and sent the knife flying to the wall.

Then there was a great rushing sound as of wind through the forest, and the lights went out. When I awoke, I found myself lying with my head on Graeme's knees and Baptiste sprinkling snow on my face. As I looked up Graeme leaned over, and, smiling down into my eyes, he said:

"Good boy! It was a great fight, and we put it up well." And then he whispered, "I owe you my life, my boy."

His words thrilled my heart through and through, for I loved him as only men can love men, but I only answered:

"I could not keep them back."

"It was well done," he said, and I felt proud.

I confess I was thankful to be so well out of it, for Graeme got off with a bone in his wrist broken and I with a couple of ribs cracked, but had it not been for the open barrel of whisky which kept them occupied for a time, offering too good a chance to be lost, and for the timely arrival of Nelson, neither of us had ever seen the light again.

We found Craig sound asleep upon his couch. His consternation on waking to see us torn, bruised and bloody was laughable, but he hastened to find us warm water and bandages, and we soon felt comfortable.

Baptiste was radiant with pride and delight over the fight and hovered about Graeme and me, giving vent to his feelings in admiring French and English expletives. But Abe was disgusted because of the failure at Slavin's, for when Nelson looked in he saw Slavin's French Canadian wife in charge, with her baby on her lap, and he came back to Shaw and said, "Come away; we can't touch this," and Shaw, after looking in, agreed that nothing could be done. A baby held the fort.

As Craig listened to the account of the fight he tried hard not to approve, but he could not keep the gleam out of his eyes, and as I pictured Graeme dashing back the crowd thronging the barricade till he was brought down by the chair Craig laughed gently and put his hand on Graeme's knee, and as I went on to describe my agony while Idaho's fingers were gradually nearing the knife his face grew pale and his eyes grew wide with horror.

"Baptiste here did the business," I said, and the little Frenchman nodded complacently and said:

"Dat's me for sure."

"By the way, how is your foot?" asked Graeme.

"He's fuss rate. Dat's what you call—one bite of—of—dat leel bees. He's dere; you put your finger dere, he's not dere. What you call him?"

"Flea!" I suggested.

"Oui!" cried Baptiste. "Dat's one bite of flea."

"I was thankful I was under the barrels," I replied, smiling.

"Oui! Dat's mak me ver mad. I jump and swear mos awful bad. Dat's pardon me, M'sieu Craig, heh?"

But Craig only smiled at him rather sadly.

"It was awfully risky," he said to Graeme, "and it was hardly worth it. They'll get more whisky, and anyway the league is gone."

"Well," said Graeme, with a sigh of satisfaction, "it is not quite such a one sided affair as it was."

And we could say nothing in reply, for we could hear Nixon snoring in the next room, and no one had heard of Billy, and there were others of the league that we knew were even now down at Slavin's. It was thought best that all should remain in Mr. Craig's shack, not knowing what might happen, and so we lay where we could, and we needed none to sing us to sleep.

When I awoke, stiff and sore, it was to find breakfast ready and old man Nelson in charge. As we were seated Craig came in, and I saw that he was not the man of the night before. His comrage had come back; his face was quiet and his eye clear. He was his own man again.

"Geordie has been out all night, but has failed to find Billy," he announced quietly.

We did not talk much. Graeme and I worried with our broken bones, and the others suffered from a general morning depression. But after breakfast, as the men were beginning to move, Craig took down his Bible, and, saying, "Wait a few minutes, men," he read slowly, in his beautiful, clear voice, that psalm for all fighters,

"God is our refuge and strength,"

and so on to the noble words:

"The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge."

How the mighty words pulled us together, lifted us till we grew ashamed of our ignoble rage and of our ignoble depression!

And then Craig prayed in simple, straightgoing words. There was acknowledgment of failure, but I knew he was thinking chiefly of himself; there was gratitude, and that was for the men about him, and I felt my face burn with shame; there was a petition for help, and we all thought of Nixon and Billy and the men wakening from their debauch at Slavin's this pure, bright morning. Then he asked that we might be made faithful and worthy of God, whose battle it was. Then we all stood up and shook hands with him in silence, and every man knew a covenant was being made. But none saw his meeting with Nixon. He sent us all away before that.

Nothing was heard of the destruction of the hotel stock in trade. Unpleasant questions would certainly be asked, and the proprietor decided to let bad alone. On the point of respectability the success of the ball was not conspicuous, but the antileague men were content if not jubilant.

Billy Breen was found by Geordie late in the afternoon in his own old and deserted shack, breathing heavily, covered up in his filthy, moldering bedclothes, with a half empty bottle of whisky at his side. Geordie's grief and rage were beyond even his Scotch control. He spoke few words, but these were of such concentrated vehemence that no one felt the need of Abe's assistance in vocabulary.

Poor Billy! We carried him to Mrs. Mavor's home, put him in a warm bath, rolled him in blankets and gave him little sips of hot water, then of hot milk and coffee, as I had seen a clever doctor in the hospital treat a similar case of nerve and heart depression. But the already weakened system could not recover from the awful shock of the exposure following the debauch, and on Sunday afternoon we saw that his heart was failing fast. All day the miners had been dropping in to inquire after him, for Billy had been a great favorite in other days, and the attention of the town had been admiringly centered upon his fight of these last weeks. It was with no ordinary sorrow that the news of his condition was received. As Mrs. Mavor sang to him his large, coarse hands moved in time to the music, but he did not open his eyes till he heard Mr. Craig's voice in the next room. Then he spoke his name, and Mr. Craig was kneeling beside him in a moment. The words came slowly:

"Oi tried—to fight hit hout—but—Oi got beaten. Hit 'urts to think 'e's ashamed o' me. Oi'd like t'a done better—Oi would."

"Ashamed of you, Billy!" said Craig in a voice that broke. "Not he."

"And—ye hall—'elped me so?" he went on. "Oi wish Oi'd 'a' done better—Oi do." And his eyes sought Geordie and then rested on Mrs. Mavor, who smiled back at him with a world of love in her eyes. "You hain't hashamed o' me—yore heyes saigh so," he said, looking at her.

"No, Billy," she said, and I wondered at her steady voice, "not a bit. Why, Billy, I am proud of you."

He gazed up at her with wonder and ineffable love in his little eyes, then lifted his hand slightly toward her. She knelt quickly and took it in both of hers, stroking it and kissing it.

"Oi haught t'a done better. Oi'm hawful sorry Oi went back on 'im. Hit was the lemonaide. The boys didn't mean no 'arm, but hit started the 'ell hinside."

Geordie hurled out some bitter words.

"Don't be 'ard on 'em, Geordie. They didn't mean no 'arm," he said, and his eyes kept waiting till Geordie said hurriedly:

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

Like Begets Like. ***The Sin of the Parent.***

SSS cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

CELERY KING

NATURE'S CURE

**Dangerous

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Interesting Information for Those Who Want to Buy.

INTENDING PURCHASERS

Will Do Well to Consult This Column If They Wish to Save Money and Procure the Best Bargains.

WANTED—10 good Carpenters We have 30 dwelling houses to build. Address MEYERSDALE PLANING MILL. Meyersdale, Pa. jun20

FOR SALE.—New wagon bed. Inquire of John Davidson, Sr.

J. L. McLaughlin & Son, Bedford, Pa., have a saw mill and four horse wagon for sale. may30tf

Zinc and Grinding make

Devoe Lead Zinc Paint wear twice as long as lead and oil mixed by hand. Brice Hardware Co. sell it.

The Fruit Growers and Farmers of Bedford County, Pa.,

Should buy their Trees, Vines and Plants from the Village Nurseries, Harnedsville Somerset Co., Pa We have a stock of over one-half million trees warranted true to name free from scale or disease of any kind and guaranteed to grow Our trees are acclimated and adapted to your soil and will grow and do better for you than trees brought in from Virginia, Maryland Ohio or New York Our prices are right and twice as good as the very best. State certificate goes with each order If you're going to plant 100 or 1000 trees this fall or next spring don't buy until you write us for our catalogue and prices, or until our representative calls to see you Address THE VILLAGE NURSERIES, jun6m3 Harnedsville, Somerset Co., Pa.

Fire Insurance Agent Ed. Berkheimer was in Somerset county last week on a business trip.

Established in 1872, Bedford, Pa.
JOHN G. HARTLEY & CO., BANKERS.
JNO G. HARTLEY, JNO M REYNOLDS,
S. S. METZGER

Individual liability. Capital and real estate unencumbered, $300,000.00. Accounts of merchants, farmers and others solicited. Pay interest on time deposits and receive deposits payable on demand
WM HARTLEY, JR., Cashier

S. S. METZGER'S STORE.

Summer Goods.

Blue flame oil stoves, wickless	$ 6.50
Refrigerators	7.50
Go-Carts and Baby Carriages	4.00
Lawn Mowers	2.75
Iron Beds	3.50
Mattresses—good	3.75
Wooven Wire Bed Springs	2.25

We also have a full line of Carpets, Mattings, Wall Paper, Stoves and Ranges. If you are in need of anything in this line get our prices.

S. S. METZGER.

Sale Register.

All persons having sale bills printed at this office get a free notice in the sale register. This is worth several times the price of the bills

At the court house in Bedford on Tuesday, July 1, at 1 p. m. Thomas F. Bailey, receiver, will sell the electric light and water plant at Everett. See ad. in GAZETTE.

In Juniata township on Saturday, July 12, at 1 p. m. L C Markel, executor of Mary E. Hochard, deceased, will sell a tract of land in Juniata township containing 149 acres and 75 perches, having thereon erected a two-story house, barn and other outbuildings.

In Bloomfield township on Saturday, July 19, at 1 p. m. Esther Miller, administratrix c. t. a. of Mary Croft, deceased, will sell the real estate of said decedent. See ad. in GAZETTE.

FOR RENT Store Room and corner Basement Room in Oppenheimer Bldg. Also Blacksmith Shop and Paint Shop in old Skating Rink. Call on Simon H. Sell, Attorney for R. N. Oppenheimer. june6tf

Bedford Classical Academy.

Gives instructions in Latin, Greek, German, English, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, History and Civil Government, also in Drawing and Painting.

Students enter college on certificate.

Terms reasonable. Spring term opens April 1, 1902. For particulars address
O V. SMITH, A. B., Principal.

Letter to Dr. H. B Strock,
Bedford, Pa

Dear Sir: For your house, no matter what's the matter with it—it isn't a human you know—a prescription:

Devoe lead and zinc. Apply with a brush, from one to three coats—get a painter to do it.

Your state chemist knows all about Devoe; has analyzed it; reports it pure; will analyze it occasionally. He buys it wherever he likes—it is generally in the best paint-store in town.

You know what the color and dryer are for: do you know what the lead and zinc and oil are for? Not being a painter, you may not choose to know; but we'll tell you.

Lead and zinc and oil combine to form a rubbery waterproof coat to keep out dampness. That's the whole business.

The oil would do it alone; lead and oil would do it, without the zinc, zinc and oil without the lead; but the three together are best, because they wear best.

We say to you, "get a painter," as we'd say to him "get a doctor"—every man to his trade. Can't all be painters and doctors; don't want to.

You will be more successful in a prosperous looking house: and be in good health. Take good care of one another. Yours truly.

F. W. DEVOE & CO

P. S. Brice Hardware Co. sell it

Programme of Picnics

CLEARVILLE, JUNE 24.

Salem Reformed Sunday school, Clearville, will hold their annual picnic on August 2 A complete announcement will appear later.

Chaneysville is making elaborate preparations for their union picnic on July 12 All are welcome.

Bethel Reformed Sunday school will hold their annual picnic on August 9. All are invited to attend. e.

Surprise Party.

A very pleasant surprise was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Koontz, of Koontzville, June 20, in honor of Mr Koontz, who is a popular young man and is greatly liked by all his neighbors and the people in the surrounding community, as was shown by the large crowd of friends that assembled at his home. The evening was spent in a sociable manner. Refreshments were served and at a late hour all returned to their homes, wishing Mr Koontz and family many happy returns of the evening. Those present were Mr. and Mrs D. F Koontz, Mr and Mrs Edward Koontz Mr. and Mrs J C. Koontz, Mr. and Mrs. W J Biddle, Mr. and Mrs Edward England, Rev. and Mrs. C P Wehr, Mr. and Mrs Conda Wilson, Mr. and Mrs Andrew Feight, Mr. and Mrs Simon Whetstone, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Diehl, Mr and Mrs C. E Koontz Emanuel Diehl, Alex Diehl, Mr. and Mrs Elias Diehl, Mrs Ralph James, Mrs. Andrew J. Koontz, Mrs. A. L Barkley, Misses Margaret and Grace Koontz, Ethel and Viola Wilson, Nellie Welch, Bertha Milburn, Margaret Cessna, Hattie and Grace Stiffler, Minnie Price, Lydia and Della Diehl, Rebecca Diehl, Mary Smith, Hattie and Carrie England, Myrtle Calhoun, Lau a Whetstone, Stella Koontz, Florence Wehr, Ruby Harclerode, Verda Diehl, Bertha Whetstone, Ruth Koontz Esta Wilson, Esta Diehl, Messrs. Samual Shoemaker, Edward and Elias Diehl, Walter, Calvin, Stanley, Snell, Reuben, Philip, Oscar and Chester Diehl, Harvey and Simon England, Ross Diehl, Chester England, William Potts, Harry Beegle, William Smith, William Weisel, Oscar Diehl, Ambrose Diehl, Nicholas, Harry, Lester and Earl Koontz, Franklin, Raymond, Clarence, Dennis and Ross Whetstone, Plummer, Ross and Virgil Wilson, Clarence Shoemaker, Ellis and Roy Koontz, Warren Diehl, Marshal England, Fred Stiffler, Blair Stiffler, Clark Diehl, Samuel, Claude and Dennis Koontz and the members of the family—Mr and Mrs Emanuel Koontz and two children, Walter and Maud.

B. M C

Deeds Recently Recorded.

Joseph Fisher to Irvine Arnold, 124 acres in Harrison township; consideration $933

Joseph Fisher to Howard Diehl, 5 acres in Harrison township; consideration $167.

Irvine Arnold to Howard Diehl, 124 acres in Harrison township, consideration $333.

Patrick F Duncan to John C. Kunkel, lands of the Bedford Coal and Iron company in Bedford county; consideration $14,700

Harry Cessna to Joseph F. Snyder, 380 acres in Snake Spring township; consideration $40.

E J. Whitfield to Job Malott, 60 perches in East Providence township; consideration $5

Edward Graffius to William Worthing, lot in Broad Top township; consideration $700

Henry A. Smedberg to William Worthing, lot in Broad Top township; consideration $50

Henry A. Smedberg to Jacob Oaks, lot in Broad Top township; consideration $50.

Henry A. Smedberg to Samuel Worthing, lot in Broad Top township; consideration $45

Margaret E. Skillington and others to Arminto Sipes. lot in Everett borough; consideration $275.

Henry Ashton Smedberg to David Worthing, lot in Broad Top township, consideration $50.

The Rose-Ressler Nuptials

As announced in THE GAZETTE, Mail Carrier Henry Rose and Tena Ressler, of Rainsburg, were united in marriage at Tiffin, O, on May 27. The Lutheran minister at that place officiated The bride wore a gown of light blue silk covered with white lace netting. Mrs John Ressler, of Wood county, O, gave a wedding dinner in honor of the bride and groom On June 12 Mr. and Mrs. Rose returned to their home in Rainsburg, where the daughter of Mr Rose had prepared a sumptuous supper. The house was nicely decorated with ferns and flowers. At 9 o'clock the young folks serenaded the bride and groom. Mrs. Rose was the recipient of many costly and useful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Rose will remove to Ohio in the near future. RAINSBURG.

Premium For Gold Dollars.

"The United States gold dollar is so scarce that dealers in old and rare coins are advertising everywhere for them, offering from $1.50 to $3 apiece for as many as they can get," says the Philadelphia *Times*. "Since 1889 the United States mints have not coined any gold dollars Since then their value has increased steadily. In the mint in this city, where the dies for all United States currency are made, a reporter for the *Times* was yesterday given the present value of the gold dollar of 1889 Those marked C. (Carson City) are worth from $1.70 to $2 50 Those marked D. (Denver) are worth from $2 to $2 50; those marked S (San Francisco) are worth from $2 to $3, and those without any mark, indicating they were minted in Philadelphia, are worth from $1 50 to $1 70 "

Cumberland "Times" Tid-bits.

Mr. Bartholomew Kilcoin is visiting friends at Bedford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brice, Jr., of Bedford, spent Sunday with friends in Cumberland

Mrs. Etta Beard, of Grafton, W. Va., was in the city to day on her way to Bedford to visit relatives.

Farm Hands In Demand.

A despatch from Kansas City, Kan., June 20, says: "There has been a serious miscalculation of the size of the Kansas wheat crop and the number of men needed to harvest it. It was stated last month that no help would be needed, but now there is a call for 10,000 more men Farmers offer as high as $2 50 a day and board. For the first time Nebraska has asked Kansas City for harvesters "

Panama Route Chosen.

On Thursday the senate adopted the Spooner substitute for the Nicaraguan canal bill and, if the Panama Canal company has been correct in its representations of its ability to furnish a clear title to its property, and if the Columbian government has been sincere in its promises to make the necessary concessions to the United States, the isthmian canal will be built along the Panama-Colon route. In view of the extravagant raid on the treasury which has been perpetrated by the present congress, Senator Fairbanks found it necessary to attach to the bill an amendment whereby the government is authorized to issue interest bearing gold bonds to the amount of $130,000,000 to defray the expense of the construction of the canal.

Pleasant Valley.

JUNE 23.—The continual song of the locust is heard in all directions; they are playing havoc with young apple trees.

A slight frost was seen Sunday morning.

J. R. Mullin and bride, of Mann's Choice, were guests of your scribe over Sunday.

Charles A. Croyle thought that it was not good for man to be alone and so he choose for his helpmate Miss Nora Diehl, with whom he will share his joys and divide his sorrows. Tuesday morning they bied themselves to Cumberland, where the nuptial knot was tied. They are both accomplished young people, are very highly respected and have a host of friends here. May their path be strewn with roses. After a brief honeymoon among relatives and friends they returned Saturday evening to the home of the bride's grandfather, M. H Diehl, when the Calithumpian band turned out in full force with tin cans, bells and everything to make a noise and gave them an old time serenade. After hearty congratulations and many good wishes they were invited to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was served, to which everybody did full justice.

On last Thursday the barn of S. S Mock was raised, about 50 men were present Everything went along smoothly. Dibert brothers are the contractors

Conda Castsel shipped a carload of sheep to Philadelphia on Saturday. He intends to ship another carload in the near future

Amos Felten and son, of Ray's Hill, are boring a well for E W. Claar. They are at a depth of 85 feet, with some signs of getting water.

Mr. and Mrs. L M. Dibert, of Wolfsburg, spent Saturday evening and Sunday with Mr. Dibert's father, George Dibert, who is critically ill He is in his 83d year.

D E Beegle intends to go to Pittsburg, where he has secured a position as pharmacist.

On Thursday last W. N. Diehl shipped a carload of cows, this makes the seventh carload since April 11

Thomas Reighard is on the sick list.

STARLIGHT

Point.

JUNE 23.—J. E McMullin, one of Windber's police officials, spent a few days visiting friends in this community last week

Mrs W S. Otto and son Harry, of Windber, attended the love feast and visited friends in this community from Saturday until Monday.

Rev. M J. Runyan, of Schellsburg, was making calls at this place on Friday.

The new barn of Irvine Earnest will be raised on Wednesday.

Mrs. Lizzie Leppert, of Johnstown, is visiting her father, A Dennison.

Constable D. R. Earnest, of Bedford, passed through this place on Friday from New Paris

Isaac Feather and wife, of Spring Meadow, and Daniel Claycomb and wife, of near Osterburg, were guests of Henry Kline on Sunday.

The German Baptist's love-feast was held at this place Saturday afternoon and as usual drew a large crowd of people from far and near. The order was good at all the meetings. Rev. Levi Holsinger preached Saturday afternoon, Sunday morning and Sunday night. All who heard Mr. Holsinger speak well of his discourses.

The Sabbath school at Spring Hope held Children's Service Sunday evening. The programme was good and well executed and was listened to by a full house.

Harry Wonders, wife and daughter were guests of R C. Smith on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lena Bowers and Miss Myra Amick, of Bedford, were pleasant callers at our sanctum Saturday afternoon.

John Conner and two young men by the name of Foreman, of Bedford, are doing the carpenter work at Harry Feathers' new house and will have it ready for use this week

Miss Louise Amick and Miss Kate Bankes, of Bedford, have returned home after a two weeks' visit to friends at this place.

HOOKER.

Resolutions of Respect.

Mt. Zion Evangelical Lutheran Sunday school of Ray's Hill, Pa., adopted the following resolutions of respect on Sunday, June 22

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God in His all-wise providence to remove from our midst our beloved brother and esteemed superintendent, Jacob Church Barton, therefore be it

Resolved, That we recall with heartfelt gratitude, the many blessings that have been bestowed upon us as a Sunday school and the great success which we have attained during his years as our superintendent

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Barton our Sunday school has lost a faithful and loving superintendent and our church an ardent and consistent worker.

Resolved, That while we especially deplore his departure from the church militant at this time, we have cause for unbounded gratitude to our Lord and Master for His sustaining grace and the peace that surrounded our brother in his departing hours and for the unbounded faith that bore him across the Valley of the Shadow of Death

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Sunday school, that a copy thereof be sent to the widow of our deceased brother and that the same be published in the *Young Lutheran* and the several county papers.

M N. STAILY,
L H. FIGARD,
J. H. VAN HORN, } Committee.

New Enterprise.

JUNE 23.—Oliver S. Kagarise is now pleasantly domiciled in his new house recently built in the village.

D S Brumbaugh is remodeling his dwelling house and building an addition to it, Irvin S. Kagarise has a new barn in the course of erection and a new wagon shed is being built on the place which D. R. Dooly is farming

Some of the farmers are making hay; the grass is short on account of the long drouth

Daniel Detwiler, one of the oldest citizens of the township, is gradually recovering from a recent indisposition.

C Levi Brumbaugh and Mabel Buck, who were married in Philadelphia on the 13th inst., returned to their home here a few days after the nuptial knot was tied.

A number of persons from here will attend commencement exercises at Juniata college, Huntingdon, on Thursday of this week Mabel Dooly, Myrtle Replogle, J. E. Holsinger and Mary Brumbaugh, of this vicinity, are members of this year's graduating class.

Last week Abraham Replogle, of near Waterside, while endeavoring to shoe a horse which became unmanageable, had his collar bone fractured and was otherwise injured.

Some of the peach orchards look promising for a fair crop of fruit.

Little girl babes came to the home of Daniel R. Dooly and Jerre Detwiler recently.

Mrs. L. F. Holsinger spent Sunday in Huntingdon MSG.

Administratrix's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned Administratrix c. t. a of Mary Croft, late of Bloomfield township, deceased, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford county will offer at public sale on the hereinafter described premises on

Saturday, July 19, 1902,

at one o'clock p. m. the real estate of said decedent for the purpose of distribution under the terms of the will of said testatrix, described as follows

All that certain tract of land situate in Bloomfield township, Bedford county, Pa., adjoining lands of Charles Bush, Peter Duncan, Mary Oldham, Croft heirs and Calvin P. Long containing 41 acres and 13 perches and allowances, having thereon a one and one-half story log house, log stable, outbuildings and a good apple orchard.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of bid cash on day of sale, and balance on confirmation and delivery of deed

ESTHER MILLER,
Administratrix cum testamento annexo of Mary Croft, deceased.

SIMON H SELL, Attorney. Maria, Pa june27w3

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Advertised Letters.

The following letters have been held thirty days in the Bedford, Pa., postoffice, and if not called for within two weeks from this date will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington. When asking for these letters please say "Advertised."

Mrs G. H Rice, Charles Boyer, Wm. L Andrews, Wm. C. Boston, Rev. A. F Dorvis, Mrs C F Hartzell, Wm. Smith, R. S. James, Wm. C. Landon, E. H. Nourse, C. R McKelvy.

D. W. PROSSER, P. M.

Bedford, Pa., June 27, 1902.

DIED.

SMELTZER.—Near Hopewell June 7, 1902, Joseph G. Smeltzer, aged 74 years, 6 months and 15 days.

BURNING FEET try the patience.

HOW TO CURE them: Bathe the feet daily, trim the nails once a week, and wear the "Packard" Oxford.

WE'LL GUARANTEE comfortable feet and ease and freedom in walking if you'll follow the above rule.

NO BETTER SHOE made than the "Packard" for men and boys. We've plenty of customers who say so.

Prices $2 to $3.50.

WM. S. LYSINGER,
BEDFORD, PA.

Statler's General Store.

Something new for you to look at: : :

at this store—full to overflowing with new goods and new things. I have nearly everything you may want All Spring goods are now on the counters and shelves, ready for inspection, such as Dress Goods, White Goods of all kinds, Calico, Gingham, Seersuckers, Dimities, Percales, Silks, Satins, also Ladies' fine Shirt Waists and Sun Bonnets.

SHOES—Men's, Ladies' and Misses'—all kinds and latest styles.

GROCERIES—Pure and fresh Scull's Perfect and Golden Blend Coffee.

Tinware, Enamelware, Venetianware, Carpets, Mattings, Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles and Fixtures. Almost anything you may want you can get here.

New styles in Hats

NEW STYLES IN HATS. : : :

Lovely designs and flowers just received. • • •

Call and see the newest styles. : :

Mrs. Kate Deal.

Yes, It's Bad.

Just as bad as you could have thought it might be when you didn't take your watch or piece of jewelry to the right place to be repaired.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? : :

WELL, BRING IT TO US.

We'll take charge of it and put it in good order, so that it will give you satisfaction, and that, too, at small cost.

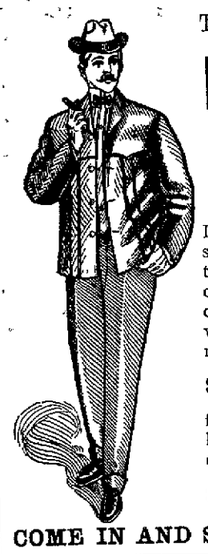
J. W. RIDENOUR,
THE LEADING JEWELER,
BEDFORD, PA.

Great reduction sale now going on.

Summer Dress Fabrics at half price.

Serges, Cheviots, Etamines, Voile, Homespuns, Etc., for separate skirts and jacket suits, will be sold this week away below value.

E. BRIGHTBILL.



THE
Norfolk Suit

Is the popular Summer Suit with the smart dressers. We will be pleased to show you the new shapes. Coats cut with yoke, and pleated—swell as can be—made in serge, cheviots and wool crashes. A great deal of swellness for very reasonable prices.

$8.75 and $10.00

for these attractive suits. We also have these suits to fit Boys and Children from

$2.50 to $6.50.

COME IN AND SEE THEM.

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN.

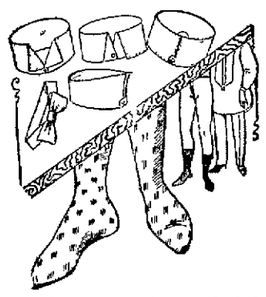
That's the thing to say to the Plug Hats, Derbies and Fedoras. Let them go now, Straw Hats have the "right of way." All the new shapes for this season are here for you to select from. Prices from

25 cents to $5.00.

Your Summer's pleasure will depend much on your hat. If you buy it here, it will be right—you can bank on it.

HABERDASHERY.

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Fancy Hosiery.



Belts, Gloves, Underwear.

In fact, everything Man or Boy needs is here for you.

A few remarks about Footwear.

We don't need to go into details, telling all about our Shoes, as our past reputation speaks for itself. The best shoes for the least money is our motto. We fit Men, Women, Boys, Misses and Children. When you buy our shoes you take no chances. We warrant every pair of shoes we sell. Your money back if not satisfactory. Come take a look.

METROPOLITAN
Clothing and Shoe House,

Nos. 1 and 2 Oppenheimer Building, **Bedford, Pa.**

ABE HOFFMAN, Proprietor.

CORLE'S Variety Store

Up-to-date with a new lot of Summer Goods.

Window screens 15c, 20c, 25c Plain and fancy doors, all sizes, at low prices. Hammocks 50c to $3 50 each, hooks and ropes; croquet sets 69c to $1 50 set, express wagons 50c to $3, doll coaches, velocipedes.

BASEBALL MITS, BALLS AND BATS.

Lawn tennis rackets and balls and we now have a game of

PING PONG.

A fine assortment of pictures and frames in this week; all sizes, 16x20 frames for enlarged pictures, 35c to $1.25. We can save you money if you take a look at our frames

Fans, all new, in a variety of colors, 1c to 75c. Lace curtains 42c to $5 per pair, curtain poles 10c.

STATIONERY—We have the new styles of box papers stamped Bedford. This is the latest and will be used at all the summer resorts Price 25c.

J. S. CORLE,
BEDFORD, PA.

CALL AND SEE THE
Superb Styles
—OR—
Handsome Hats
trimmed and untrimmed, and the large variety of
Fashionable Fabrics
—FOR—
Women's Wear.

Competent Critics : : pronounce our stock superior to others. : :

Prudent Purchasers : : say our prices are lower than others : :

Mrs. Ella Gilchrist.

STRAUBS

Have received a large invoice of Summer Goods this week which they are selling very fast. Call to see them. Prices are very low.

This is a very good season for Oxfords. Have a nice line, up-to-date, at $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2.50. If you want a nice pair of Men's Shoes buy a pair of Bostonians.

We are closing out some odds and ends of Lace Curtains at about one-half and some Wash Goods also. If you want a nice pair of Ladies' Shoes buy a pair of Reginas.

Large line of Straw Hats for Men, Boys and Children, also fine line of Men's, Youths' and Children's Clothing.

BARNETT'S STORE : SPECIALS.

We are going to sell one thousand yards of 32 inch fine white and colored striped Madras at : :

15 cts a yard.

Choice Colorings—right kind of hand ome styles for pretty Waists, Shirt Waist Suits, Mens' Shirts, Boys' Waists and Children's Dresses. Both quality and styles never before equaled for the money in any store anywhere. See the goods and see proof of such grand, good opportunity—*You'll want to buy.*

FIVE HUNDRED YARDS of 30 inch fine *Dimity*—in Neat figures and stripes—blue, pink, cardinal, helio, old rose, lavender and green. Fine, sheer cloth and well worth 12½c, to be sold at 8c a yard.

Lot of pretty *Lawns* and *Dimity*—elegant styles and fast colors—polka dots and stripes—worth 10c—to be offered while the lot lasts at 5c a yard. The colorings are exceedingly handsome and the assortment won't last long at this reduced price.

Handsome Challies--Silk stripe wool challies, 30 inches wide—blue, pink, green and old rose—lovely patterns for gowns or waists or children's dresses—worth 50c, at 35, a yard.

SILK GRENADINE—all the desirable shades and Black, 30 inches wide—plain and fancy lace stripes—50c a yard.

Silk Foulard--handsome for dresses or waists—exclusive patterns—no two alike. Beautiful color combinations, also plain Colors—worth $1.00, at 85c a yard.

Wash Silks in black, white and colors. Plain, Corded, Neat figured and striped . . . . . **48c yd.**

Cotton Foulard--Very pretty designs in old rose, blue, pink and steel—a very soft and fine cloth, 32 inches wide, looks so much like silk that you are almost unable to tell the difference—18c, 20c, 25c yd.

Worsted Dress Stuffs--always the largest and most desirable line of *Serges, Cheviots, Mohairs*, Cloths and high class fancy weaves to be found in this part of the state. Our Customers tell us that they can buy dress goods at lower prices at Barnett's than they would have to pay at the large city stores—and why shouldn't they—no enormous rent to pay—no handicaps whatever. When the market price is right, we are prepared to take advantage of it.

Wall Paper---If there is a room or hall in your house yet to be renovated for the summer you will miss a great bargain if you don't get your wall paper here. The prices we are going to offer on all papers will be so low that you can afford to put on the highest grade paper at the price you've been asked for the cheap kind.

Preserving Time's Come---We're Ready.

Early and broad provision for this season's preserving puts us in position not only to fill your orders promptly, but to furnish best kinds of Preserving Utensils and accessories at pleasingly low prices. Mason's jars, with porcelain-lined caps, 4c each. Jelly glasses, with covers, 2c each. Extra—heavy tin preserving cans—4c each. Sealing wax, 2 cakes for 5c. Pure Paraffine wax, 14c a lb. Jar fillers, 5c. Panrim jelly strainers, 8c. 10 quart preserving kettles, 30c. 12 qt. tin bucket, 18c.

Cool Summer Shoes.

A Coveted Comfort in Summer, Cool Footwear. Now within the reach of every body. Shoes made of strong durable linen; with solid soles. Wonderful wearing qualities and will give astonishing service for outing wear. We have them for everybody, and in different grades.

Miscellaneous Footwear.

In our complete Shoe Store will be found everything required in footwear for men, women and children. Tiny shoes for baby, dress shoes for youths and grown ups, and all the fashionable specials for the most exacting, all at lowest prices for every quality.

Men's White Negligee Shirts,

The ideal summer shirt, plain and plaited bosoms, plain striped and figured materials, enough variety to suit all tastes, 50c, 75c, $1. Best makes of working shirts and overalls, all have double sewed seams at 45c, 60c and 75c.

The Prettiest Half Hose for Men

We have shown this season. Just the thing to wear with Oxfords. These are lace, embroidered and drop stitch effects, and these we offer at 15c, 20c, 25c and 75c pair.

Balbriggan Underwear.

The shirts have the French inserted neck. Long or short sleeves. Drawers to match, at 25c, 50c and 75c.

Special values in belts, men's and boys' sizes, black and tan, stylish buckles, 25c.

Women's hot weather under vests---several styles at 5 and 10c. Better grades with long or short sleeves, high or low necks, at 15c, 25c and 50c.

Lace embroidered and drop stitch seamless stockings for women and children, absolutely fast colors, from 12½c to $1 a pair.

An extra heavy ribbed stocking for boys, something that will stand rough wear, fast black, 12½ and 18c a pair.

New lot of turnover collars, embroidery and lace trimmed; also collar and cuff designs stamped on fine white and colored linens at 5 and 10c each.

Black velvet ribbons, wide and narrow, for trimming and for the neck and hair bows. Priced low and a generous assortment.

Parasols in stripes, Pongee, tucked and fancy silks, also colored umbrellas in garnet, green, and blue from $1.50 to $5.

We have received a fresh lot of silk waist patterns, just enough for one waist in each pattern, at 50c, 75c, 85c, 98c and $1.25 a yard.

Soft Louisine ribbons, all pure silk, full 6 inches wide for sash, at 49c. Selling more ribbons from day to day. That shows our ribbons are right. Our prices are low.

A special line of INFANTS' BIBS at 10c. SACQUES, 25c and 50c. Swiss and Mull CAPS from 8c to 75c.

About Corsets. The variety here is wide. Excellent corsets, shapely corsets, comfortgiving corsets. These three features are combined in every make of corset we handle. But some are better suited to you figure than others. That's why we carry a variety. A fine woven net, medium and short lengths, at 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Carriage Makers. We have now the largest assortment of rubber goods we ever owned—in blue, green and white—blacks in 18, 24, 28 and 30 ounce. The Sewing Machine Question. How it is that sewing machines not a whit better than ours, at $23.00, can be sold by agents at $45.00 is a marvel to us. It cannot be a question of accommodation as to payments, seeing that the very first instalment through that method would buy ours outright. If at all interested, why not see what we are doing in this department?

New Cutlery Guaranteed. Pocket knives—stag, bone and pearl handles—10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Bread knives, paring knives, butcher knives, at 10c, 20c, 30c and 50c. Carving sets, table knives, forks and spoons.

SCISSORS—Button hole scissors, nail scissors, manicure scissors, embroidery scissors, and folding scissors, at 25c, 50c, 85c and $1.00.

E. A. BARNETT, BEDFORD, PA.

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